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Valley Forge.

Yours truly,

Henry Hamilton Brown

Centennial and memorial association
of Valley Forge.

VALLEY FORGE.

PROCEEDINGS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

OCCUPATION OF VALLEY FORGE

BY THE

CONTINENTAL ARMY,

UNDER

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

JUNE 19, 1878.

ALSO,

DEDICATION OF HEADQUARTERS,

JUNE 19, 1879.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

PRINTED BY
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1879.

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OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

PRESIDING OFFICER,

GOVERNOR JOHN F. HARTRANFT, of Harrisburg.

MARSHAL,

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID McM. GREGG, of Reading.

ORATOR,

H. ARMITT BROWN, ESQ., of Philadelphia.

HISTORIAN,

COLONEL THEODORE W. BEAN, of Norristown.

POETESS,

MRS. M. E. THROPP CONE, of Valley Forge.

POET,

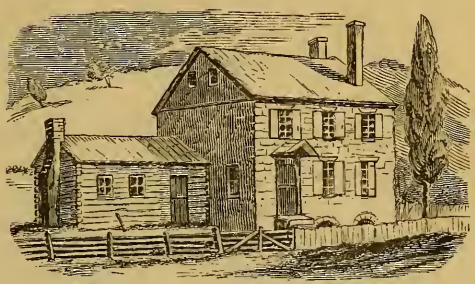
REV. J. GARRETT WALKER, of Philadelphia.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR,

JOHN O. K. ROBARTS, of Phœnixville.

Source unknown

JUNE 19th, 1778. JUNE 19th, 1878.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.
[Engraved 1840.]

The object of the Centennial Association of Valley Forge is the purchase of Gen. Washington's headquarters, to be preserved as a memorial of the "sacrificial winter spent there by the Continental Army."

It is intended to make this, as far as possible, "a work National in its proportions and its honors."

To accomplish this, certificates of stock will be issued at $1 per share. At the same time subscriptions of larger sums are solicited and earnestly desired. It is a matter of the first importance to secure the support of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and other States. With their influence and that of the Society of the Cincinnati which represents the descendants of the brave men "who camped in those historic snows," the patriotism and legendary interests of the people may be aroused.

The Masonic fraternity, of which Gen. Washington was a

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member, Odd Fellows, and other secret organizations, will all be invited to unite in making this a complete success.

Members of the numerous Grand Army Posts have a comrade's interest in all that pertains to him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and will, without doubt, cheerfully respond when called upon, by entertainments or direct contributions, to increase the general fund.

The public schools in the country include large numbers, who will soon appear as the representative men and women of the land. Their daily studies make them familiar with its history. A personal interest in the locality should be given them by linking their work and names with this memorable spot, through entertainments, which, it is proposed, should be given by each school, or several uniting in one district. This plan has the hearty approval of Penna. State Superintendent J. P. Wickersham.

When the purchase is completed it is designed to make the headquarters an attractive point in this historic region. To collect there valuable papers and other matter relating to that period, and with furniture of a century ago, to restore, in a measure, the appearance it wore when Washington was resident beneath its roof.

MRS. WM. H. HOLSTEIN,

Regent of Centennial Association of Valley Forge.

Bridgeport P. O., Montgomery Co., Pa.

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Valley Forge Centennial Celebration.

On the 18th day of December, 1877, the following-named persons—Isaac W. Smith, Colonel Theo. W. Bean, Dr. N. A. Pennypacker, General B. F. Fisher, Major R. R. Corson, Chas. Ramey, Major B. F. Bean, John W. Eckman, I. Heston Todd, Charles Mercer, John H. Rowan, Daniel Webster, John Robb —met at the residence of the first-named gentleman, in the village of Valley Forge, at which meeting Mr. I. W. Smith was selected to preside, and Mr. John Robb was chosen secretary, and John W. Eckman treasurer. These gentlemen organized "The Centennial Association of Valley Forge," and resolved that "a demonstration be made on the centennial anniversary of the departure of General Washington's army from Valley Forge."

At the second meeting of the association the several committees were appointed to make the necessary preparations for the anniversary ceremonies.*

Subsequent meetings were held, and various suggestions considered. The several committees performed their respective duties, and by a general correspondence, together with the publication of an address to "The Industrial Interests of the Schuylkill Valley," obtained a general suspension of business on the 19th day of June, the day selected by the association for the ceremonies.

At the meeting held February 22, 1878, the Committee on Memorial Design and Erection made a report favorable to the purchasing of the Headquarters Building, and suggesting that the matter be placed in the hands of the ladies, the executive officer to be appointed by the association, to be called the Lady

* See Appendix for committees.

Regent. At the next meeting Mrs. Anna M. Holstein was selected Lady Regent.

On the 27th day of May, 1878, General David McM. Gregg was chosen as Chief-Marshal for the day, and Governor John F. Hartranft to preside at the meeting in the Grand Tent.

THE DAY.

Early on the morning of the 19th day of June, 1878, the villagers were awakened by the morning gun, followed at sunrise by a Federal salute by the Griffin Battery of Phœnixville, commanded by Captain John Dennithorne. At seven o'clock the roads commenced to be thronged by the yeomanry of the surrounding country, and as early as half past seven the immediate vicinity of the Headquarters was crowded with the impatient people, anxious to view the building that has connected with it such a valuable historical association.

The reception accorded to Governor John F. Hartranft and Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, U.S.A., at half past eight o'clock, was a pleasant feature of the day's programme,—both citizens of Montgomery County, and both in high official station.

By this time the trains of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, who had given generous support to the enterprise from the start, began to empty their load of human freight, which kept up without intermission until late in the afternoon, and by which means at least thirty thousand persons were conveyed to Valley Forge alone. The number in attendance was variously estimated by different good authorities at from forty-five to fifty thousand, some even exceeding this last estimate by at least twenty thousand.

The memorial service was held on the hill near the village, at nine o'clock, attended by an immense throng. It was as follows:

MEMORIAL SERVICE,

At nine o'clock, on Grounds in Valley Forge, REV. JOB F. HALSEY, D.D., *Presiding.*

---

1. DIRGE (Kurek's) . . . . . *Phœnix Military Band.*
L. B. VANDERSLICE, Leader.
2. INVOCATION . . *Prof. F. A. Muhlenburg, D.D., Rev. A. J. Weddell.*
3. HYMN, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne" . . . . *Tune, Migdol.*
By a Chorus of 350 voices, recruited from Reading, Pottstown, Spring City, Trappe, Phœnixville, Norristown, and Manayunk.

Before Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

4. RESPONSIVE SERVICE, *Rt. Rev. M. A. De W. Howe, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Isaac Gibson, Rev. John Dyson.*

Minister.—The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

People.—For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Minister.—The Lord is high above all nations, and His glory above the heavens.

People.—Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high; and whose truth endureth to all generations?

Minister.—The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.

People.—The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Minister.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.

People.—The Lord hath made known unto us His salvation, and He hath redeemed us from our enemies.

Minister.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy.

People.—They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Minister.—Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distress.

People.—He led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Minister.—O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

People.—Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord; who can show forth all His praises?

Minister.—Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance.

People.—The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace.

Minister.—We went through fire and water, but He brought us to a healthy place.

People.—The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys are covered with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Minister.—He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as to His judgments we have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

People.—Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

Minister.—O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

People.—Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise unto Him with Psalms.

Minister.—Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from Everlasting to Everlasting, and let all the people say, Amen. Praise ye the Lord.

5. GLORIA PATRI: Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

6. READING OF SCRIPTURE, Deut. xxviii. 1–14, *Rev. W. P. Breed and Rev. William A. Jenks.*

7. ANTHEM, "Erect your Heads, Eternal Gates" . . . . *Chorus.*

Erect your heads, eternal gates
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory: see! He comes
With His celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty: o'er His foes
Eternal Victory crowned.

8. PRAYER . . *Rev. Simeon Siegfried, Jr., Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D.*
9. HYMN, "God Bless our Native Land!" . . . . . *Chorus.*

The audience rose and joined in singing. Tune, America.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies:
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

10. LORD'S PRAYER . . . . . *Rev. Henry M. Kieffer.*
11. DOXOLOGY, "Praise God," etc. . . . . *Chorus.*
12. BENEDICTION . . . . . *Rev. J. Grier Ralston, LL.D., D.D.*
13. HYMN, "Amen, Amen, Amen" . . . . . *Chorus.*

REVIEW.

At 10.30 A.M. the procession of military and civic societies was formed under the command of General David McM. Gregg, and proceeded to Mr. I. Heston Todd's field, where the grand review by Major-General W. S. Hancock, Governor John F. Hartranft, and other prominent officials was held. There were at least five thousand men in line, and the different organizations marched in the following order:

Chief-Marshal Gregg, with mounted staff, dressed in Continental uniform.
Philadelphia City Troop, Lieutenant Wilson.
West Chester Troop, Captain Matlack.
American Band, Boston.
Boston Fusileers, Captain H. A. Snow.
Reading Rifles, Lieutenant Propst.
United Cornet Band.

American Rifles, Wilmington, Delaware.
Washington Grays' Band.
Washington Grays, Philadelphia, Captain Elliott.
West Chester Grays, Captain J. E. McFarland.
Eleventh Regiment, N. G. P., Co. G, Cooper Rifles, of Media, Captain John W. Russell.
Co. C, Coatesville, Captain Brown.
Wayne Fencibles, West Chester, Captain I. P. Cornwell.
Beck's Cornet Band.
First Regiment, N. G. P., of Philadelphia, Captain Muldoon, commanding Co.'s A, K, F, H, G, I, D, E, C, and B.
Third Regiment, Co. B, Delaney Guards, West Chester.
Chester Springs Soldiers' Orphans.
Griffin Battery, Phœnixville, Captain J. B. Dennithorne.
Montgomery Pioneer Corps, Norristown, Captain Darlington.
I. O. O. F., of Norristown.
O. U. A. M., of Philadelphia.
Phœnix Iron Co.'s Workingmen.
Employees of the Phœnixville Iron Company, with miners' navvies, smelting, deport men, puddlers, etc.
Posts Nos. 76 and 16, G. A. R., of Reading, Pennsylvania.
Posts Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 94, of Philadelphia.
Delegation of citizens of Reading.
Philadelphia Battalion of Patriarchs, I. O. O. F.
Hiawatha and Ashland Councils, O. U. A. M.

With great difficulty the Washington Troop of Paoli managed to keep the swelling mass of humanity from pressing beyond the imaginary line, marked by the grass having been mown off, until eleven o'clock, when the barouche containing the reviewing officers took its position near Washington's oak. The line and the people who followed hid the road for more than a mile, and with great difficulty, and after the line had been twice broken by the surging mass from the other direction, finally succeeded in marching around the large fifteen-acre field, the van touching the rear. The review was a magnificent spectacle.

At mid-day the national salute of thirty-eight guns was fired by the Griffin Battery.

GRAND STAND.

At one o'clock the services of the day were held in the large tent, secured at heavy expense from Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. Isaac W. Smith, President of the Association, announced the organization, which was as follows, to wit:

Presiding Officer.—Governor John F. Hartranft.

Vice-Presidents.—George W. Childs, A. E. Borie, William Sellers, Seth Humphreys, M. S. Longaker, William Wayne, Thomas C. Humphrey, William McColough, P. Frazer Smith, J. Lacy Darlington, Dr. J. B. Wood, Hon. J. B. Everhart, Hon. Washington Townsend, Hon. William Ward, Dr. J. W. Evans, Levi G. McCaully, Maj. E. B. Moore, J. Smith Futhey, Thomas McColough, Hamilton Egbert, Thomas Liversidge, James Shaw, Joseph Lees, William Watt, Isaac Richardson, J. B. Walker, Rev. C. J. Thompson, Hon. Lewis Thompson, William L. Williamson, C. M. Wheatley, Alexander Kennedy, Capt. S. Halman, Charles H. Rodgers, Edward H. Coates, Josiah D. Brooks, John J. Kersey, Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, S. W. Pennypacker, William Auchenbach, A. Nesbitt Trumbull, J. Price Wetherill, John A. Leslie, Thomas Mercer, Henry Potts, George Rice, Frederick Lauer, Henry Gerger, Abraham Barker, William B. Rambo.

Secretaries.—John McArthur, Thomas Radcliff, W. W. Potts, B. F. Williams, C. H. Pennypacker, John A. Groff, Nevin Fisher, James G. Wells, William Stephens, Dr. C. N. Frederick, Edward Willson, Harry Walker, William W. Davis, Jeffrey John, H. C. Conard, William L. Kennedy, Capt. John T. Potts, William E. Lockwood, E. J. Davis, B. F. McAtee, John M. Reeves, Thomas C. Steel, Oscar R. Meyers, George Slaymaker, F. A. Getze, Dr. J. M. Barton, William Watkin, Paul S. Revels.

Upon taking the chair, Governor Hartranft said,—

Fellow-Citizens,—We have come to commemorate the darkest hours of the Revolution. Yet they were the hours of triumph also, and it was at Valley Forge that American independence was won. In the rude huts of the dreary encampment were born the unconquerable will, the courage never to submit or yield, that proved to England and the world that, although the country might be overrun, the people could not be subdued. And during those weary months the Continental army received the training and discipline which afterwards ena-

bled it to meet the soldiers and mercenaries of Great Britain in equal fight, without ever suffering a defeat. Therefore, on this spot, hallowed by hunger and cold, disease and destitution, we meet in gladness to commemorate a fortitude in camp superior to courage in battle, a steadfastness more powerful than enthusiasm, and a devotion to a cause and chieftain utterly forgetful of self. And if it be possible to draw from the past a lesson for the present, or seek in war an example for peace, we can find it in the loyalty and devotion that preserved the sacred fires of freedom amid the frosts and snows of the winter encampment at Valley Forge.

1. FANTASIA (C. von Weber's) . . . . . *Ringgold Band.*
JOSEPH WINTER, Leader.
2. CENTENNIAL HYMN . . . . *Words and Music by Dudley Buck.*

O Peace! on thine upsoaring pinion,
Through the world thine onward flight taking,
Teach the nations, their turmoil forsaking,
To seek thine eternal dominion.

Jehovah! Thou sovereign of nations,
Sweet peace to our land Thou hast granted,
Be Thy praises eternally chanted
In music forever, for evermore.

3. "ONE HUNDRED YEARS" . . . . . *Chorus.*
Sung by ye Continentals, of Phœnixville, thirteen in number, dressed in full Continental Costume.

One hundred years have rolled away
Since that high heroic day,
When our fathers in the fray
Struck the conq'ring blow!

Praise to them, the bold, who spoke;
Praise to them, the brave, who broke
Stern oppression's galling yoke,
One hundred, hundred years ago.

4. PRAYER . . . . . *Rev. Charles Collins, Jr.*
5. "WAKEN, VOICE OF THE LAND'S DEVOTION" . . . . *Chorus.*
Words by His Excellency Bayard Taylor, Music by J. C. Beckel.

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the song of ocean,
Rivers answer and mountains call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb

That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story;
She bears her glory;
We crown her the land of a hundred years!
We crown her the land of a hundred years!

Out of darkness and toil and danger,
Into the light of victory's day,
Help to the weak and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother breast;
The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years.

6. POEM . . . . . *Rev. J. G. Walker.*
7. "THE AMERICAN HYMN" . . . . . *Solo and Chorus.*

Words and Music by M. Keller.

Speed our republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!

Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused to its call;
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry: we conquer or fall.

8. HISTORICAL PAPER . . . . . *Colonel Theo. W. Bean.*
9. "HAIL, VALLEY FORGE" . . . . . *Chorus.*

Words by J. O. K. Robarts. Tune, America. (*The audience joined in singing.*)

All hail to Valley Forge,
Thy wooded hills and gorge,
Thrice hallow'd sod!
'Twas here with bloody feet,
With scarcely food to eat,
Our fathers did repeat
Their trust in God.

We now our voices raise,
In swelling notes of praise,
On this glad day:
Day when our sturdy sires
Quenched here their patriot fires,
And, urged by high desires,
Went on their way.

Went forth both sire and son,
With noble Washington,
To dare, to do;
With courage did they stride,
Or bravely forward ride,
Unflinching side by side,
So bold and true.

And now we reap the good
Of that for which they stood
With life in hand;
These wooded hills and dales
Of freedom tell the tales,
Their fame waft friendly gales
Throughout the land.

Great God, to Thee we cry,
Unto Thy throne on high,
In joyous lays!
For this Centennial hour,
O Lord, give us full power
To thank Thee for the dower,—
Accept our praise.

10. POEM, *Written by Mrs. M. E. Thropp Cone. Read by Isaiah H. Brown, Esq.*
11. ORATION . . . . . *Henry Armitt Brown, Esq.*
12. "THE HEROES OF VALLEY FORGE" . . . . . *Chorus.*

Words by Rev. Sidney Dyer. Tune, Old Hundred.

Our noble sires, of all bereft
Save their brave hearts and trust in God,
Came here with bleeding feet that left
In crimson stains a hallowed sod.

'Mid pinching want and wintry storm,
Their shelter oft the drifting snow,
They kept their love of country warm,
And gathered strength to smite the foe.

By freedom's altar firm they stood,
And breathed their solemn vows to Heaven,
That by each drop of priceless blood
The Tyrant's chains should all be riven.

Here, too, beneath the snow-clad trees,
When other hearts were nigh despair,
Our Washington, on bended knees,
Look'd up to Heaven in faith and prayer.

A hundred years of ebbing time
Have gathered here this grand array,
Rehearsing deeds grown more sublime
As generations pass away.

Oh! sacred Fane of Patriot love!
Thrice hallowed ground their blood made free!
Grant thou, O Lord, that we may prove
As true as they to Liberty.

13. "GRAND HALLELUJAH" (Handel's) . . . . . *Chorus.*

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, for the Lord
God Omnipotent reigneth.

(*The audience rose, joined in singing, and remained standing during the performance of the Hallelujah Chorus.*)

14. BENEDICTION . . . . . *Rev. Joseph H. Boyd.*

PRAYER.

BY THE REV. CHARLES COLLINS, PASTOR OF THE CENTENNIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Thou doest according to Thy will, among the armies of Heaven, and rulest over the inhabitants of this lower world.

Thou art the Sovereign Lord of the universe; our fathers' God, in whom we trust.

We would come humbly and reverentially before Thee, confessing that we are not deserving of one of the least of Thy mercies. Ours indeed has been a goodly heritage. It is with heartfelt thanks that we acknowledge Thy great goodness towards us.

We thank Thee, O God, for the privilege we enjoy this day of standing upon hallowed ground; the spot made sacred by the memories of the past! We take a retrospective glance through the years of a century, and gratefully record that Thou didst obtain for us the victory!

We thank Thee for the way that Thou hast led us as a people; for all the deliverances we have experienced at Thy hand; for all the prosperity we have enjoyed as a nation.

We earnestly pray Thee, our Father, that Thou wilt continue to show us forbearance. Let us ever regard Thee as the infinite source of all our blessings. Dispose our hearts not only to thankfulness, but also to a reverential acknowledgment of Thy

constant faithfulness. Grant, O Lord, that the inhabitants of this country, individually, may ever revere the precept of Thy word, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach unto any people." Let Thy blessing, Almighty God, abide with us as a nation. Bless our common country. Let thy blessing abundantly rest upon our rulers: upon the President of the United States and the Governors of our several States. Give unto them all needed wisdom and grace, that they may rule in Thy fear, and do those things which shall be for the best interests of our country, and for Thy glory.

Grant, our Heavenly Father, that Thy providential care and protection may be round about us this day. Look with favor upon this concourse of people, and if it please Thee, in coming years, let us enjoy as a nation other tokens of peace, prosperity, and sunshine; and may a sense of Thy great goodness inspire us with a spirit of constant gratitude, and lead us to unfeigned repentance; and, after this fleeting life, do Thou save us with an everlasting salvation. These favors we humbly ask, with the forgiveness of our many transgressions, in the name of our Divine Redeemer. And to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, one God, we will ascribe everlasting praises. Amen.

OUR FATHERLAND.

BY REV. J. G. WALKER.

Our Fatherland! what words in song or story,
That potentate or peasant ever heard,
Are more replete with patriotic glory?
What passions thrill! what memories are stirred!
Whene'er our thoughts within the circle roam,
Of that loved country, which we call our own.

Land of our birth! where first our eyes in wonder,
Scanned the broad azure of the sun-lit sky;
Where our first hours of waking and of slumber,
Were cheered and soothed with Mother's lullaby;
Where our young feet o'er hills and valleys trod,
While we, through Nature, looked to Nature's God.

Land of our homes! where with our kindred dwelling,
We passed through scenes of mingled peace and strife;
Anon with joy or grief our bosoms swelling,
Amid the sunshine or the clouds of life.
Within whose realms all shades of bliss we knew,
As toward the past the years unheeded flew.

Land, where the ocean waves with foamy cresting
Dash on the sloping shores both east and west;
The rock-ribbed cliff in solemn grandeur resting
Beneath the surge that laves its stony breast;
While many a mighty river finds its mouth
In northern lakes, or gulf upon the south.

Land, where the mountains lift their heads so hoary
Above the clouds; and spread their massive feet
In verdant vales; where Nature's wondrous story,
Divinely written, can be found complete,
In tomes of priceless gems and precious ore,
And plains and forests, stretched from shore to shore.

Land, where the waving fields are ever spreading
The rich rewards of honest freemen's toil;
And giant cities ever onward treading,
Where cheerful traffic crowds the busy soil;
While myriad homes to quick existence spring,
Each home a kingdom, and each man a king.

Land, where th' admiring world beholds abiding,
The fairest nation 'neath the circling skies;
The Stars upon her flag no hand dividing,
Her Stripes unfurling their perennial dyes.
Of all the standard sheets on land or seas,
The prettiest banner fluttering in the breeze.

Oh, land of lands, to all our hearts the nearest!
Land, where bright skies o'erhang the balmy air!
Oh, land of birth, and home, and kindred dearest!
Of treasures wondrous and of beauty fair!

'Mid smiles, and songs, and shouts, and banners gay,
We greet thee in memorial rhyme to-day.

When sturdy, noble, self-denying men—
Who knew their rights, and knowing, dared maintain—
Turned with sad hearts from homes beyond the sea,
To seek a shrine, where they on bended knee
Might unmolested lift the voice in prayer,
And worship God with none to interfere,
They found these shores spanned by such temple dome;
Hither they came, and Freedom found a Home.
Here, taught in Danger's school and trained to share
The wanderer's weary watch and scanty fare,
In dismal huts they pass the wintry day,
Or couched on ice, they groan the night away;
Here sicken, waste, and fall beneath the breath
Of vapors loaded with the seeds of death,
Or find their graves in some wild solitude,—
The victims of the red man's thirst for blood.
Yet sweeter far to Puritanic taste,
To dwell within the dreary, dangerous waste,
Than bind the soul in chains or bend the knee
Amid the classic realms of slavery.
Sweeter to trust in Him, whose breath of might
Strikes foul Oppression with its withering blight;
Dissolves the spell that bound their native shores,
And Freedom's charter to the world restores.

Their children, nurtured on the simple plan
Of loyalty, alike to God and man,
Enshrined their teachings in the laws they named,
And "Liberty through all the land" proclaimed.
The bells rang out amid the gathering storm;
The echoes died; and lo! a nation's born.

And when maternal hands around our sires,
Kindled the flames of War's terrific fires;
For Liberty, they toiled and hoped and cried;
For Liberty, they fought and bled and died;

For Liberty,—thanks be unto the Lord,
Who gave the victory to Freedom's sword!
They triumphed, and with Stars and Stripes unfurled,
They independent stood before the world.
Thus did the God of battles deign to own
The sacred cause by fearful conflict won.
His favor through the storm still gleamed and glowed,
And scattered light through dark Oppression's cloud.
The vespers tolled the knell of slavery,
And morn proclaimed the land forever free.

To-day let grateful memory unfold
In letters brighter than the glint of gold,
The names of those, who, in resplendent train,
Have marched to glory and undying fame.
Their country called: and with brave hearts starting
At the sound, they gave the word of parting
To all the joys and ties of friends and home,
And for the Nation's life gave up their own.
Hungry and foot-sore on these cheerless slopes,
With wasted vesture and with shattered hopes;
Where wintry winds blew keen across the snows,
They watched and waited for their distant foes;
But no winds chilled their bosoms to despair,
For Freedom's fires still warmed the freezing air;
And Freedom's leader, with his cheering words,
Still nerved the trembling Continental swords;—
Renowned, revered, illustrious Washington!
The Nation's sire and the Nation's son.
Rest, heroes, rest! Thy graves are hallowed fanes.
Our children's sons shall glory in thy names.
Long as the seasons frame the circling years;
While winters chill or smiling summer cheers;
Long as the billows surge, and breezes blow,
And cloud-capped mountains shade the vales below;
Long as attraction rolls our earth along
Amid the myriad planetary throng;—
So long shall grateful millions love to spread
Their floral offerings to the patriot dead;

And all posterity rejoice to raise
In heart and voice your monument of praise.

Well may we sing in grateful strains
Of those, who with intrepid pen
Signed that release from tyrant chains,
Which made a Nation of Free-men.
Ay! well yon iron casket guards*—
Unfolded to each eager eye—
That inky scroll of manly words,
The Charter of our liberty.

Effulgent with Fame's endless glow,
Perennial through the centuries;
And constant as the ceaseless flow
Of rivers hasting to the seas;
Such names as theirs can never die.
Their vital power will still remain,
When heads on coffin-pillows lie,
And moulder back to dust again.

When turning to the past, we see
The surging waves of battle strife,
Lashed by the winds of tyranny,
And threatening the Nation's life;
Honor the dauntless Fifty-six,
Whose loyal counsels bold and true,
Did Freedom's helm securely fix,
And sent the storm-tossed vessel through.

But ne'er forget the gallant men
Who gathered on that vessel's deck,
With hands as mighty as the pen,
And saved the lettered ship from wreck.
From out these dreary hill-side shades
They marched to stand amid the foam;
With valor drew their battle blades,
And fought for Fatherland and Home.

* The iron safe containing the original draft of the Declaration.

While other heroes wrote so well,
They made the Declaration good;
They voiced the truths in shot and shell,
And then engrossed them with their blood.
Thus to invading tyrant hordes
They heralded the bold decree;
They carved the words with loyal swords,
And struck the blows that made us free.

Full well we know that royal George
Was vanquished in the fearful fray;
But ne'er forget that Valley Forge
Secured our Independence Day.
Remember well, when cannon boom,
And bells ring out from South to North,
There was "a nineteenth day of June,"
That gave to us "our glorious Fourth."

What cherished record to the eye appears,
As we look down the pages of the years,
Since, in the mighty throes of battle strife,
Our Heaven-blessed Nation struggled into life!
Wide o'er her realm the peaceful angel flies,
And darkness pales, while morning visions rise;
New energies reward the night of toil,
And progress strides in triumph o'er the soil;
Nature pours out her blessings full and free
To grace the products of man's industry;
Nations of every name and every zone
Here seek a refuge and secure a home—
Rejoicing on these western shores to find
The equal heritage of all mankind.

As years passed on, from homes apart,
Our brothers sped themselves away,
With fierce intent in every heart,—
Some wore the Blue, and some the Gray.

They marched to fields of deadly strife,
And met in fratricidal fray;

With purpose strong as love of life,
Some fought in Blue, and some in Gray.

Each deemed his cause both true and just,
And bravely strove to win the day;
And of the hosts who bit the dust,
Some fell in Blue, and some in Gray.

Where flowers bloom in southern vales;
Where waters dash in crystal spray;
Where hills are fanned by northern gales;
Some sleep in Blue, and some in Gray.

Over their graves the same sun throws
His warm, benignant, peaceful sway;
And in their undisturbed repose,
The Blue lies buried with the Gray.

Ye living! bring your garlands fair,
And clasp your hands anew to-day;
One flag still floats upon the air—
We're brothers still, both Blue and Gray.

And thus in brief, from records uneffaced,
The Century of the Nation's life is traced.
Though young in years, she still presents to view
A model for all others old and new.
She has her faults, 'tis true; what gem of worth
Is free from stains of contact with the earth?

But though at times some men of wicked aim
Control a system, the system's not to blame.
Thank God for this; the people have the right,
In this our Fatherland, to rise in might,
And give to truer men in Freedom's cause
The power to make and execute the laws.
And Heaven forbid that we should ever shirk
The part each freeman has in such a work.
'Tis ours to guard the golden ark that bears
Our hope sublime through perils and through fears;

'Tis ours to keep unsullied, pure and good,
The treasures purchased by heroic blood;
'Tis ours to hold in check Ambition's lust,
Curb lawless rule, crush Error in the dust;
To shroud the blight of foul Corruption's stain,
And light the glory of a brighter fame.
'Tis "WE THE PEOPLE" make the government;
We find but that to which we give consent.

Oh, glorious Nation of the Stripes and Stars!
Thy graceful features gleam amid thy scars.
Free in the righteous laws thy people make,
Free in the sacred vows thy people speak,
Strong in defence of every cause that's just,
True to thy motto: "IN GOD IS OUR TRUST"—
Heaven speed thee on thy way through coming years,
The heritage of joy to Freedom's heirs.

O Thou, to whom our fathers looked and prayed,
In times when patriot hearts were sore dismayed,
May we, the children, still on Thee depend!
Be Thou the Nation's sure and constant friend!
And when, in immortality, we roam
Beyond the confines of this earthly home,
To higher realms may we in glory rise,
And find "Our Fatherland" beyond the skies!

VALLEY FORGE.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY COLONEL THEO. W. BEAN.

The chronology of human events, however perfect in circumstance or exhaustive in detail, unaided by philosophic deduction, or connected narrative, is as unsatisfying to the mind in search of truth as bread without leaven and salt is unsavory to the sense of hungering taste.

The historical associations and traditions of Valley Forge are so inseparably interwoven with the crucial test of colonial power and endurance, that to recall them from the shades of a century, without reference to the animating spirit of the struggle which inspired them,—without passing in review, however briefly, the events of the memorable campaign of 1777, culminating in the victory at Saratoga and the loss of Philadelphia,—would be to picture for your vision a broad and beautiful landscape without sky or horizon, or paint in histrionic character the fall of Jerusalem without a Titus, or the defence of Thermopylæ without a Leonidas.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The events of the American Revolution, as we learn them from those who participated in and lived contemporaneously with it, from the artists who pencilled its heroes, pictured its battles, and memorialized its dead, as disclosed by the historians who have collated and condensed the most conspicuous facts and circumstances connected with the struggle, reveal with certainty the immediate causes which precipitated the great crisis.

If, however, we desire to thoroughly comprehend the inspiration of the period, if we hope to measure the responsibility and appreciate the requirements of the long and bitter conflict, if we wish to fully understand the spirit of devotion and matchless heroism of the fathers, we must look back and beyond the period of its commencement, to the colonial development, in which the right of self-government was formulated and asserted,

and its power consciously exercised by the people through their chosen representatives.

It would be doing violence to the truth of history to assert that civil, religious, and political freedom were not enjoyed by the colonists for a considerable period prior to the Revolution; nor will it do to assume that its exercise was permissive, to be enjoyed or enjoined, at the pleasure of official caprice or royal prerogative.

In this behalf we refer with pleasure, and it may be with pardonable pride, to the history of Pennsylvania,* whose people made common cause of the Revolution, not more to acquire new rights than to preserve those they then possessed; who, if slow and considerate in declaring for independence, waited only to be certain that their long enjoyed rights were endangered by the action of the home government, when they sealed the common covenant, and counted not the cost, as measured by the destruction of property, the anguish of society, or the sacrifice of human life.

If her conservative statesmen held in check for a time the fiery zeal of the Eastern school of patriots, led by John Adams, or sought to temper the emotional sentiments breathed upon the stormy times by the eloquent and prophetic Patrick Henry of the South, it was only responsive to the unwarlike character of her people, whose habits and happiness in the enjoyment of the practical fruits of civil liberty had been unbroken for almost a hundred years.

Says Mr. Bancroft:† "The superiority of the civil over the military power was most deeply imprinted on the hearts of the people. It was borne in mind that victorious legions revolutionized Rome; that Charles I. sought to overturn the institutions of England by an army; that by an army Charles II. was brought back without conditions; that by a standing army which Americans themselves were to have been taxed to maintain, it had been proposed to abridge American liberties."

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* Charter of Charles II. of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., to William Penn, Proprietor and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, 1681.

† Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. vi. p. 30.

In Congress this distrust of military power existed all the more, for the confidence and undivided affection which the people bore to the American Commander-in-Chief, and had for its excuse, that human nature was scarcely able to furnish an example of a military hero, eminent as a statesman, the liberator of his country, and yet desirous after finishing his work to return to private life, or accept office in the civil service of his country. None were more keenly sensible of public opinion upon this subject, none more deferential to the civil rights of the people than Washington, as shown by his extreme reluctance to exercise the extraordinary powers reposed in him from time to time by Congress.

In his letter to the President of that body, written December 15, 1777, amidst the discomforts and discouragements of his camp on these hills, he says:* "I confess I have felt myself greatly embarrassed with respect to a vigorous exercise of military power. To acts of legislation or civil authority they (the people) have ever been taught to yield a willing obedience; on those of military power, whether immediate or derived from another source, they have ever looked with a jealous eye." This well-grounded respect for civil authority was a colonial development, responsive to the people's will, born of early peril and enterprise, the child of political promise, which claimed a continent for its heritage, and which could ill brook the restraints necessarily imposed for the time being between the hostile lines of contending armies. It inspired alike the officer in the field and cabinet, the soldier in the army, and the citizen in private life; aroused to a sense of danger by an unwarrantable assault upon the imperishable principle, they unitedly declared their ultimatum to be the emancipation of the colonies from foreign dominion, and to this end pledged their fortunes, honors, and lives.

The splendid stretch of civilization that fringed the Atlantic from Plymouth to Florida in 1681, rich in the promise of future empire, and richer, if possible, in tribute payable to monarchical power, was no less a wonder to Charles II. than we are to-day a prodigy in the eyes of Europe. Opportune beyond the power

* Sparks's Washington, p. 243.

of human understanding were the providences of life which resulted in the colonization of the Delaware at this period in our history, by the truly great and good William Penn. The right of self-government, conceded to him and his followers by the terms of the Royal Charter of Charles II., suggested an opportunity, promptly utilized by the free men of the province, who took advantage of the concessions agreed upon, and in the first great Council or Assembly, convened at Chester on the 7th day of December, 1682, passed the "Great Law,"* comprising a general system of civil jurisprudence. By this law church and state were practically sundered, and ecclesiastical power was, for all future time in this Commonwealth, remitted to its original and only true jurisdiction. The axe went to the root of a power that had become pregnant with evil, and corrupt beyond the hope of reformation.

These freemen sedulously guarded against the introduction of a jurisdiction in which the iniquities of Rome, Canterbury, and York, sanctioned by pope, bishop, and priest, were practised in the name of religion upon the orphanage of England for centuries (London alone excepted), and in its place gave to themselves and their posterity a code of law, and tribunals to enforce it, which have in their development and perfection become temples of justice, and constitute in no inconsiderable degree our surest safeguards of liberty.

Here it was in the fulness of time, and in the providence of God, that free men, in the exercise of sovereign power, were just, and reclaimed a right originally extorted from mankind by violence and cupidity, and for thousands of years maintained against the best interests of society,—here it was that free men solemnly declared that henceforth, in the province of Pennsylvania and the future Commonwealth,† there should no longer be a preference of males over females, and of males of the same degree, of the eldest over the rest.

Deeply interesting as her colonial history appears to be, and intimately as its details are associated with the conspicuous part her soldiers, statesmen, and citizens played in the Revolution, we cannot here pause to consider or review them. Suffice it to

* Proud's History of Pennsylvania, vol. i. p. 207.

† Story on the Constitution, chap. xii.

say, that the period between the date of settlement in 1681 and her union with the thirteen original colonies in 1776 is replete with peaceful triumphs, and discloses fully the causes which made her people heroic in war, firm in friendship, temperate in council,—heroic in war, as personated in the life and public services of gallant Anthony Wayne; firm in friendship, as shown by the unbroken fidelity of Robert Morris; temperate in council, as represented by the wise and philosophic Franklin, whose offices at home were conspicuous in restraining ambition and quieting dissensions, and abroad in hastening the consummation of engagements which gave us the aid of a French fleet and army, the certainty of which first reached Washington and his compatriots at Valley Forge.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

No just conception of the scope and accomplishment of the campaign which terminated in the occupation and suffering at Valley Forge can be realized, unless it comprehend the movements and results of the two principal armies of the Middle States, and for whose conduct Washington, as Commander-in-Chief, was responsible to the Continental Government.* To disconcert him by strategy, to compel him to battle with troops superior in armament and discipline, and to overwhelm him with numbers, was the general and well-matured plan of the enemy. The preparations of the home government to this end were commensurate with the reasonable hope of success; and the belief that the resources of men and means so lavishly confided to commanders would speedily end the conflict, and compel submission to the Mother Country, was shared by many of the wayward and doubting of the period.

The efforts of Washington through the winter of 1777 to organize a powerful army for the ensuing campaign is a matter

* "On the 19th of June, 1775, Washington received his commission and instructions as 'General and Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies, and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them, and all others who shall voluntarily offer their services and join the army for the defence of American Liberty.'

"The favor lavished on the new chief of the Northern Department raised a doubt whether Washington retained authority over him, till Congress resolved, August, 1777, that 'they never intended to supersede or circumscribe his power.'"—*Bancroft's History of the United States*, vol. v. p. 591.

of history. The hopes inspired from time to time by the flattering reports which reached his headquarters were cruelly disappointed, and he found himself not only powerless to take the aggressive, but unequal to that measure of defensive warfare necessary to preserve his long lines unbroken. The steady and persevering courage, however, which had supported him, and the American cause, through the gloomy scenes of the preceding year, did not forsake him; and that sound judgment which applies to the best advantages those means which are attainable, however inadequate they may be, still remained. His plan of operation was adapted to that which he believed the enemy had formed. He was persuaded either that General Burgoyne would endeavor to take Ticonderoga, and penetrate to the Hudson, in which event General Howe would co-operate with him, by moving up that river and possessing himself of the forts and high grounds commanding its passage, or that Burgoyne would join the grand army at New York by sea, after which the combined armies would proceed against Philadelphia.

To counteract the designs of the enemy, whatever they might be, to defend the three great points alike vital to the country—Ticonderoga, the Highlands of the Hudson, and Philadelphia—against two powerful armies, so much superior to his in arms, numbers, and discipline, it was necessary to make such disposition of his troops as would enable the several departments to reciprocally aid each other without neglecting objects of great and almost equal magnitude, which were alike endangered, though widely divergent. To effect these purposes, the troops of New England and New York* were divided between Ticonderoga and Peekskill, while those from New Jersey to North Carolina inclusive were directed to assemble at the camp to be formed in New Jersey.

The situation in May, 1777, was critical, and called into activity the magnificent horoscope of the Commander-in-Chief. In camp at Morristown, with an effective rank and file, excluding cavalry and artillery, of less than six thousand men, after a winter of ceaseless anxiety in camp and field, and vain endeavor to secure large and certain accessions to his army, the enemy

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. i. p. 145.

certain to assume the aggressive as soon as the season would warrant the movement of troops, the Howes in possession of New York City with an army twice the number of his own, with a navy at command large enough to transport it with the speed of the winds to any point on the coast deemed vulnerable; General Burgoyne with ten thousand veteran and volunteer troops on Lake Champlain, and Colonel St. Leger with a co-operating army of veterans, Tories, and savages in the Mohawk Valley, waiting orders to march at the earliest practicable moment.

As late as June 18, says a distinguished historian,* "the cares of the Northern Department were thrown upon the American Commander-in-Chief, and Schuyler besieged him with entreaties to supply his wants, and remedy all that was going wrong." As Commander-in-Chief of America, Washington watched with peculiar care the Northern Department. Alarmed by Schuyler's want of fortitude, he ordered Arnold to his command, also Lincoln, who was acknowledgedly popular among the New England troops. Besides detaching these two distinguished officers and assigning them to the Northern Department, he added to their command General Glover's brigade of Continental troops, and yielded Colonel Morgan's corps of riflemen, upon request being made through Congress for them. The Continental army† under the immediate command of Washington, charged with the defence of the Capital City, was the objective-point of the grand campaign, and the coveted prize of Lord Howe. To engage it in battle, to thoroughly defeat and dispirit it, to seize, fortify, and garrison Philadelphia, then quickly transfer the bulk of his army to co-operate with Burgoyne, and insure his triumph over Schuyler and Gates on the Hudson, was a consummation to which all energies were directed.

The persistence of Washington in declining battle, save in his fortified camp at Middlebrook, his constant readiness to attack the flank of his sagacious adversary, should he attempt to cross the Delaware, there to be confronted by Arnold with a hastily improvised army, compelled General Howe to change

* Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. v. p. 566.

† Ibid., p. 602.

the general plan of operations for the season, and rendered all further co-operation between him and Burgoyne impossible. While employed in discomfiting Howe, he was actively engaged in resisting the impending advance of St. Leger and Burgoyne. Says Marshall:* "He hastened the march of those generals designed to act in that department, pressed the Governors of the Eastern States to reinforce the retreating army with all their militia, and made large detachments of choice troops from his own army. The fame of being himself the leader of the victorious army did not, with false glare, dazzle his judgment or conceal the superior public advantage to be derived from defeating Burgoyne."

Having used his best efforts to hasten the concentration of troops from the Eastern States, and overcome in some measure the shock to public confidence, resulting from the loss of Ticonderoga and the disastrous retreat of General St. Clair; strengthened the willing hands of General Schuyler in bringing into the field the militia of New York State, rendering the victory at Bennington and other minor points possible, and witnessed the departure of Lord Howe from New York Bay, he turned the head of his devoted columns toward the Delaware, massing his army at Germantown early in the month of August, 1777.

For days and weeks the work of marshalling new troops, collecting supplies, and fitting the command to resist the impending attack by Howe went on. The Commander-in-Chief was in daily consultation with committees of Congress, heads of departments, and for the first time met the youthful and heroic Lafayette, who was by him assigned to duty on his staff, with the rank of major-general. The public mind became feverish and excited in anticipation of events now certain to affect the gravest interests of the colony. War, with its desolation, its bloody horrors, its blighting consequences upon society and sacrifice of life, was at the threshold of a community devoted by sentiment, religion, and pecuniary interests to peaceful pursuits. Evidence of disaffection increased with the certainty of Howe's approach, and when his presence, with fleet and army in the

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. i. p. 152.

Chesapeake Bay, was announced, it was deemed politic by the Government that Washington should march his army through the city as he moved south to meet the advance of the foe. It was accordingly done, and the 24th of August, 1777, was a memorable day in the history of the Capital City, as well as in the lives of the patriotic soldiers, who received at every square the most marked consideration at the hands of the populace, who were wild in their demonstrations of joy as divisions marched by them under commanders who had grown into popular favor, resulting from their distinguished services in the field. On the other hand, the displeasure of those who, from a sense of duty, adhered to the Mother Country was manifest, in the frowning faces and silent contempt with which they apparently treated the unusual events of the day.

The story of the campaign which was opened by this movement of the Continental army, to meet and resist the combined operations of the enemy, to save the Capital if possible, and to preserve the army, though the city should be lost, has always possessed a rare interest to Pennsylvanians who participated in it, and their descendants, happily shared by their compatriots throughout the land.

Other fields, in other States, before and afterwards, witnessed the brighter triumph of our arms, and the more immediate results of victories won; but nowhere on the long and varying line of battle were more sanguinary engagements fought, in no campaign of the protracted struggle was the suffering of the troops so continuous and severe; at no time was the solicitude of the Commander-in-Chief so keenly exercised or the patriotism of the people more sorely tried.

The field of Eastern Pennsylvania presented a tempting prize to the British commander at the period referred to. Philadelphia was the seat of the Colonial and Continental Government. Its occupation by the enemy, it was thought, would greatly dispirit the colonists from Massachusetts to South Carolina. Howe's point of attack being selected but fifty-one miles south of the city, with no natural barriers to resist the advance of his land forces, assuming, not without reason, that Washington's army had been weakened by detachments sent to the Northern Department, he was confident that with a few days' easy marches,

and perhaps a battle, the fall of the Capital would follow. Then a rapid march across New Jersey, and he would be able to co-operate with Burgoyne and St. Leger, and overwhelm Gates in New York.

With these results accomplished, his fleet securely anchored in the Delaware, a base of operations for fresh conquest farther south would be finally established, and the work of subduing the colonists so nearly done as to assure the home government of ultimate success and prevent the interposition of those friendly offices of France, growing more and more imminent each succeeding month. One more consideration entered into the plans of the campaign upon the part of the enemy. The settlement was largely of Englishmen, and it was therefore assumed, because of the influential following of Penn and the many devotees of the Established Church, that sentiments of loyalty to King George would be inspired anew by their presence, and terms of accommodation, permanent in character, would be suggested and accepted as inevitable.

BATTLE-FIELDS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The scope of this paper forbids the possibility of referring in detail to the operations of the Continental army under the Commander-in-Chief associated with the successive engagements fought in defence of Philadelphia, and for its repossession. Washington promptly drew his line of battle between the approaching enemy and the Capital City. Conscious of the overwhelming disparity of numbers, impressed with the importance of preventing the concentration of Howe's forces with those from which he had recently separated, believing that his dispositions in the Northern Department were such as would insure success, his great work in hand now was to *delay* the enemy in the accomplishment of a purpose which, with the means at hand, he might not ultimately defeat. His hostile attitude on White Clay Creek and display of resources put Howe upon his caution, who, pleading the want of cavalry, which in truth he greatly felt, lost days and weeks in feeling his way from the place of debarkation. Twenty-three days elapsed before he drew the American commander to determined battle on the

Brandywine, and then he was obliged to concede to him the choice of position.

On the 11th of September, 1777, the battle of Brandywine was fought. The plan of the engagement, as subsequently revealed, the necessities which induced it, the skilfully executed movement of the enemy upon the right of the patriot army, the inefficiency of Washington's mounted troops in not disclosing the movement of Cornwallis at an earlier hour in the day, the uncertain and embarrassing reports that reached him from sources that should have been reliable, the partial surprise, and the heroic though ineffectual effort to meet and resist a fierce attack from a direction unlooked for, the deeds of valor upon the part of officers who sought to retrieve misfortune by personal daring, and the usual conduct of battle-shocked troops, have gone into history, and been graphically described by Marshall and Botta, by Lossing and Headley and Bancroft, and others, less distinguished in history, it may be, but by no means less truthful in narrative.

The battle was lost, and its discouraging features were keenly felt by those who left the field in the possession of the enemy. But its effects, as measured by them, were by no means as disastrous as intended or believed to be. Marshall, referring to the immediate results of the engagement, declares "it was not considered decisive by Congress, the General, or the army,"* and cites the fact that the Government, upon receiving Washington's official report, immediately passed vigorous resolutions for reinforcing the army, and directed him to complete the defences of the Delaware.

On the 15th, four days after this battle, the army was on the march to attack Howe, who, apprised of the movement, immediately put his army in motion, and the opposing armies met between the Goshen Meeting-House and the White Horse Tavern, on the table-land south of the Great Valley. The choice of position was again with Washington. Hostilities had actually commenced, when storm and flood rendered the movement of troops impossible, and disclosed the alarming fact that arms and ammunition were so seriously damaged that to further engage the enemy would be suicidal.

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. i. p. 150.

This exigency decided temporarily the fate of the Capital City, and doubtless hastened the period of occupation by the British troops. The situation was critical, and the day certainly memorable. To retire upon Philadelphia and suffer a partial investment, leaving the country open from the Schuylkill to the Hudson, making a diversion in favor of Burgoyne not only possible but probable, would be unwise for many reasons; to give up all further defence* of the Capital would subject him to severe criticism, injuriously affect public affairs in the Middle States, in some measure discourage the troops, and increase the spirit of disaffection in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It was an hour of supreme interest in the struggle, and upon his decision hung the most momentous results. Assuming the entire responsibility, courting the counsel of his subordinates, but acting upon his own mature judgment, he uncovered Philadelphia, detaching General Wayne, and directing him to attack the extreme left of the enemy, in the hope of detaining him until he could refit his army, and renew the conflict, providentially postponed.

Disasters seemed to repeat themselves in quick succession during those trying days. General Wayne's enterprise, from which further delay was ardently hoped, resulted in his early discomfiture, occasioned by the betrayal of his position to the enemy by spy or Tory, promptly followed by a night attack, led by General Grey, characterized by a fierceness and brutality† which has justly obscured the fame of that officer, and rendered his name forever odious in the annals of the Revolution. The season of anxiety was intensified by this unexpected misfortune, followed by the removal of the seat of Government, the establishment of new lines of communication, new sources of supplies, and the "perplexing manœuvres of Howe," which required counter-movements to prevent a farther advance into the interior of the State with a view to the destruction of Government stores at Reading, or in the direction of the Hudson River to relieve Burgoyne, who was then beseeching for reinforcements to save him from disaster.

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* See Remonstrance, Pennsylvania Assembly.

† One Hundredth Anniversary of Paoli Massacre, by J. Smith Futhey, Esq.

After a succession of feints by Howe, indicating his eager desire for more substantial conquests, he moved from the neighborhood of these hills, crossing the Schuylkill at Fatland Ford on the 22d day of September, and from necessity, rather than choice, occupied Philadelphia on the 24th of the same month. Light brigades of Continental troops interposed between the enemy and the Delaware, and watched his movement in the direction of Philadelphia by day and night, while the main army under Washington took position on the hills of Perkiomen and Skippack. At this place reinforcements reached him, and his army, decimated by the untoward events of the campaign, was reported eight thousand Continental troops and three thousand militia present and effective for duty. With this force at command he determined upon further operations against the enemy, whose situation, as disclosed to him by information deemed reliable, invited rather than repelled attack.

The plan of the battle of Germantown was formed while encamped upon the Perkiomen hills; from them, on the night of October 3, the advance was made, and after it was fought and lost, on the day following (October 4), to the same hills the army returned, defeated, it is true, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and captured, but with its organization unimpaired and its devotion to the cause still unbroken.

Mr. Bancroft, in writing of this battle, says:* "In the official report of this engagement the Commander-in-Chief stated with exactness the tardy arrival of Greene, and adds, had the forces intrusted to that officer, and the militia under Armstrong, acted as efficiently as the troops with Washington, the morning might have been fatal to Howe's army. The renewal of the attack so soon after the defeat at Brandywine, and its partial success, inspirited Congress and the army. In Europe it convinced Frederick of Prussia and the Cabinet of France that the independence of America was assured."

Information of the success of General Gates in the Northern Department reached the Commander-in-Chief on the 18th of October,—one day after the surrender. The event was promptly made known to the army, and received by soldiers and citizens

* Vol. vi. p. 19.

with manifestations of joy. Immediately the Continental troops under General Glover and Morgan's corps of riflemen were recalled from the Department of the North. Delay followed, with evident disinclination upon the part of General Gates to promptly obey the order of the Commander-in-Chief, and not until Colonel Hamilton was despatched in person to renew the demand was the summons obeyed.

Pending the movement of reinforcements from the North, the public mind having recovered from the first effects of the reverses at Brandywine, Paoli, and Germantown, perhaps unduly elated by the surrender of Burgoyne and its sequences, clamored for further aggressive movements against Howe. Partly in deference to this feeling, and to quiet the unfriendly criticism inspired by the disingenuous spirit subsequently, and more notoriously connected with the developments of the Conway Cabal, Washington moved his army to the east, taking a strong position at Whitemarsh, from which he was able to watch the movements of the enemy, harass his outposts, cut off his source of supplies, give protection to the agricultural people and confidence to the public mind. Here, after an ineffectual attempt on the part of the enemy to dislodge him, on the 5th and 6th of December the campaign closed, Howe retiring within his lines of defence, reaching from the Delaware to the Schuylkill River. The war-worn and jaded condition of the patriot troops, the want of supplies, the hopelessness of further operations to repossess Philadelphia, and the approach of winter, all admonished the Commander to seek shelter and repose for his army.

The proposition to retire the army for the winter gave rise to well-marked differences of opinion. Within army circles the only question was that of location. Whether it should fortify and remain where it was, or retire to the Perkiomen hills, or move south and occupy the vicinity of Wilmington, was canvassed by leading officers in the army, and whose opinions were sought by the Commander-in-Chief. In political circles and among a large and influential class of patriotic citizens of Pennsylvania a different view prevailed. In their opinion the exigency of the public service demanded a continuation of active operations upon the part of this army. Their hostility

to the proposed cantonment of troops culminated in a remonstrance prepared by the General Assembly, and by that body presented to Congress, then in session at York. We recite the remonstrance here in order to illustrate the wisdom and force of character of the great and good man who, in serving the higher interests of his country, disregarded the remonstrance of those whose sensibilities were shocked by the calamities of war, and who, for a temporary respite from its ravages, would have sacrificed the army of hope by denying it that well-earned repose, absolutely necessary at that season and period to preserve its existence.

REMONSTRANCE OF COUNCIL AND ASSEMBLY TO CONGRESS, 1777.*

"At a conference with the Supreme Executive Council and General Assembly of this State, held in the Assembly Room, *Resolved*, that a remonstrance be immediately drawn up and forwarded to Congress against the proposed cantonment of the army of the United States under command of His Excellency General Washington, and that the following reasons be urged:

"1st. That by the army's removal to the west side of the Schuylkill as far as Wilmington and its neighborhood a great part of this State, particularly that on the east side, together with the State of New Jersey, must be left in the power of the enemy subject to their ravages; the inhabitants be obliged either to fly to the neighboring States or submit to such terms as the enemy may prescribe.

"2d. That the State Assembly at their last session had laid a tax of five shillings on the pound on all estates, real and personal, in order to call in and sink the moneys issued by this Government, and at this session had *Resolved* over and above said tax to raise the sum of sixty-two thousand dollars for support of war for the ensuing year. Agreeably to resolve of Congress both which taxes must infallibly fail, provided the army go into cantonment at such distance as will prevent their covering the country from the depredations of the enemy, it being a melancholy truth that too many of our people are so disaffected already that nothing but the neighborhood of the

* Pennsylvania Archives, vol. vi., 1777–1778, p. 279.

army keeps them subject to Government, whilst the Whigs and those who have taken the most active part in support of our cause will be discouraged and give up all as lost.

"3d. By removal of our army it will be impossible to recruit the regiments of this State, as those who would be active and zealous in promoting that measure will be obliged to leave the State, whilst the Tories and disaffected will gain strength, and in many places, perhaps, declare openly for the enemy, by which means there will be a probability of their not only supplying their exhausted magazines but greatly strengthening their army.

"4th. The army removing at a distance from the enemy must give a fatal stab to the credit of the Continental currency throughout this State. It is a melancholy truth that it is very difficult to purchase from many of our most able farmers the necessary provisions of our army, owing to their fear of the money; but this difficulty must be greatly increased when another market, without interruption, will open to them where they will receive at least a promise of hard money."*

On the 11th of December the camp was broken up at Whitemarsh, and after a painful march over rough and frozen roads, reached the Gulf Hills, crossing the Schuylkill River at Swedes'

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* "To this remonstrance Washington replied on the 23d of December, 1777. After laying blame upon General Mifflin for neglect of duty as Quartermaster-General, he says: 'For want of a two days' supply of provisions, an opportunity scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded. Men are confined to hospitals or in farmers' houses for want of shoes.

"'We have this day no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. Our whole strength in Continental troops amounts to no more than eight thousand two hundred in camp fit for duty. Since the fourth inst., our numbers fit for duty, from hardship and exposure, have decreased nearly two thousand men. Gentlemen reprobate the going into winter-quarters as much as if the soldiers were made of sticks and stones.

"'I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent.'"—*Bancroft*, vol. vi. p. 41.

and Matson's Ford on improvised bridges. Here the advance division under General Potter, which moved south of Matson's Ford to cover the passage of the main army, unexpectedly came in contact with a strong detachment of the enemy under Cornwallis, out upon a foraging expedition. The presence of the enemy in this quarter, and in such force, was a surprise at the time, and occasioned delay, the counter-movement of troops, and some apprehension upon the part of the Commander-in-Chief, which subsequently proved to be without cause.

A camp was established for some days on the Gulf Hills, fourteen miles distant from Philadelphia, where the army remained until the 18th, when it retired to Valley Forge, going into position with the right resting upon the base of Mount Joy, near the acute angle of the Valley Creek, the left flank resting upon and protected by the Schuylkill River, about one-half mile below Fatland Ford or Sullivan's bridge.

VALLEY FORGE.

The characteristic event of the day and hour, which witnessed the occupation of these hills by the Continental army, presents the immortal Washington, as conspicuously devoted to the claims of humanity as he was to the more imperative demands of country.

Historians have uniformly signalized the arrival of the army on this ground as coincident with the famous order of the Commander-in-Chief, dated "Headquarters on the Schuylkill, Dec. 17, 1777," congratulating his troops upon the close of the campaign, the results accomplished, the heroic conduct of officers and the endurance of men, counselling them to continue in fortitude and patience, assuring his followers "that while in some instances he had unfortunately failed, that, upon the whole, heaven had smiled upon their army and crowned them with success; that the end of their warfare was Independence, Liberty, and Peace, and that the hope of securing these blessings for themselves and their posterity demanded a continuance of the struggle at every hazard."

This was the pleasing side of the picture, set in the gilded framework of war's seducing blandishments and panoplied with its field-day glories. But there was another,—the shoeless sol-

diers, the frozen ground, the cheerless hills, the lowering leaden sky that arched them over with gloom. These were the sorrowing and mute witnesses to the true scene of the arrival, and which the artist has thus far failed to place upon canvas. We are not, however, wanting of the pen picture. I give it in the language of Mr. George Washington Parke Custis.

The brigades had gone into position upon the line of defence indicated by the skilful officer who drew it. The pitiless winter winds swept the hills and valley with unceasing fury, as the December sun sank into banks of snow-clouds, presaging the coming storm. The poverty of supplies in food and raiment was bitterly and profanely bewailed by shivering unpaid officers and half-naked men as they crowded around the comfortless camp-fire of the bivouac, when suddenly the appearance of the Horse Guard announced the approach of the Commander-in-Chief. "The officer commanding the detachment, choosing the most favorable ground, paraded his men to pay their General the honors of a passing salute. As Washington rode slowly up, he was observed to be eying very earnestly something that attracted his attention on the frozen surface of the road. Having returned the salute with that native grace and dignified manner that won the admiration of the soldiers of the Revolution, the Chief reined in his charger, and ordering the commanding officer of the detachment to his side, addressed him as follows: 'How comes it, sir, that I have tracked the march of your troops by the blood-stains of their feet upon the frozen ground? Were there no shoes in the commissary's stores that this sad spectacle is to be seen along the public highway?' The officer replied: 'Your Excellency may rest assured that this sight is as painful to my feelings as it can be to yours, but there is no remedy within our reach. When shoes were issued the different regiments were served in turn; it was our misfortune to be among the last to be served, and the stores became exhausted before we could obtain even the smallest supply.'

"The General was observed to be deeply affected by his officer's description of the soldiers' privations and sufferings. His compressed lips, the heaving of his manly chest betokened the powerful emotions that were struggling in his bosom, when, turning towards the troops, with a voice tremulous, yet kindly,

he exclaimed, 'poor fellows!' Then giving rein to his horse he rode rapidly away."

The purpose of the Commander-in-Chief in taking position at Valley Forge was to give the greatest measure of protection possible to the State, and to circumscribe the operations of General Howe within limits that would seriously affect his source of supply. To this end his line was admirably drawn. On the west side of the Schuylkill he extended his right flank to Wilmington, at which point he stationed General Smallwood with his brigade of infantry, covering the long interval with Morgan's rifle corps and the squadron of cavalry under Major Harry Lee.

On the east of the river, he occupied the country as far as Whitemarsh, placing General Armstrong with a brigade of Pennsylvania militia, so as to cover the principal roads converging at that point; the cavalry under Major Jameson and Captain McClane* guarded the highways in the direction of Barren and Chestnut Hills; and to still further prevent incursions of the enemy northward from Philadelphia, he directed General Pulaski, who was in command of the brigade of cavalry, to go into camp at Trenton, New Jersey.

The line of defence from the west shore of the Schuylkill River to the base of Mount Joy, at the angle of Valley Creek, occupied commanding ground, and the earthworks and fortifications erected under the direction of General Duportail, were extensive in character and skilfully constructed. The interior line of works and abatis were semicircular in form, crossing from north to south, with one star and two square forts, from which the army could have successfully covered a retreat westward, had such a movement become necessary. The interior lines, with the remains of the two square forts, are still discernible, and constitute the only landmarks which the crumbling hand of time has left to guide the pilgrim over these hills. Fortunately for the living of to-day, who have joined us in these commemorative services, and thousands of our countrymen, who, though absent, have manifested great interest in the occasion, we are not without reliable data by which we may

* Lossing's Field-Book, vol. ii. p. 105; Day's Historical Collections, p. 501.

indicate with accuracy the position of the fourteen brigades of Continental troops encamped within the fortified lines, representing a maximum of seventeen thousand men, but reduced by sickness and the paucity of supplies to the pitiable number of five thousand and twelve effectives.

The extreme right of the line, commanding the approaches from the southwest, was held by Brigadier-General Charles Scott, of Virginia, upon whose left Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne, commanding the Pennsylvania line, was placed; then in succession from right to left came the brigades of General Enoch Poor, of Massachusetts, General John Glover, of Massachusetts, General Ebenezer Larned, General John Patterson, of Massachusetts, General George Weedon, of Virginia, who connected with General Peter Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, holding the extreme left of the line, resting on the Schuylkill at a point near where the village of Port Kennedy is now located.

The second or supporting line of troops were encamped immediately in front of the interior line of earthworks, still discernible. Brigadier-General William Woodford, of Virginia, held the right, covering the corps of Major-General Henry Knox's artillery, located a short distance to his left and rear; to the left of Woodford, successively, the brigades of General William Maxwell, of New Jersey, General Thomas Conway, of Irish birth, General Jedediah Huntington, of Connecticut, connecting with the brigade of General James Varnum, of Massachusetts; on the extreme left, covering the bridge over the Schuylkill River, built by General Sullivan, Brigadier-General Lochlan McIntosh, of Scottish birth, a Georgian by adoption, with the remaining brigade, was encamped in the rear of the second line of intrenchments, a short distance east of the Potts Mansion, occupied by the Commander-in-Chief; near by and to the left of McIntosh, Washington's body-guard, commanded by Major Gibbs, of Rhode Island, was encamped; still farther to the west, and on the opposite side of the Valley Creek, the artificers of the army were quartered in huts, with large log buildings for workshops.

The bake-house, used for the double purpose of furnishing food for the army and as a place for holding courts-martial, was located within a few yards of these workshops. By the

20th of December the army was in position as indicated, and the order to construct huts for the winter was issued. Its execution followed with despatch and great exactness. Soldiers became axemen from necessity; before them the forest fell, and hundreds of log houses grew as by magic. The dimensions of each hut was fourteen by sixteen feet, with chimney, fireplace, and door, facing upon company streets, drawn in strict conformity with the rules of military encampments. Quarters for field and staff officers were erected in rear of the line of troops, while still farther to the rear, upon the sloping hills, shelter was sought for the trains of the army. History and tradition alike confirm the fact that the hills were made bare of timber in completing the shelter necessary for men and animals, and the wood necessary for fuel during the long winter was hauled by men a distance of one and more miles from the camp.

Major-Generals Lafayette, DeKalb, and Sterling established their headquarters for the winter with the army, and were alternately assigned to important field and detached duty during the winter. Major-General Charles Lee, at the time a prisoner of war, was subsequently exchanged for General Prescott, and returned to this camp, together with Major-General Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, who had also been absent some months.

The following staff officers established their headquarters near the Potts Mansion: Major-General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, Quartermaster-General of the army, Major-General Baron Steuben, Inspector-General, Brigadier-General Duportail, Chief Engineer, Colonel Timothy Pickering, Adjutant-General, and Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Aide-de-Camp. Time and space forbid what would otherwise be a pleasing task of calling from the long roll of honor the names of subordinate officers, who were conspicuously associated with those near the person of the Commander-in-Chief, and supported him in his trials and embarrassments while in occupation of Valley Forge. Long before the works for defence were completed, or the huts that were to shelter the army were finished, the bitter cry of hunger, from thousands of brave and heroic men, reached the ears and heart of Washington. He appealed in vain to the Government for supplies. The hasty removal of Congress from

Philadelphia to Lancaster, thence to York, had its disorganizing effects upon all the departments; especially upon those of the Quartermaster and Commissary. The limited provisions made to meet the wants of the army, greatly increased by the losses inseparable from the defeats and retreats experienced, were with difficulty placed within reach of the Commander, whose transportation had been reduced to the minimum from necessity, whose trains had been enfeebled by overwork, irregular food, and that want of care for which the Quartermaster's Department had become noted. To overcome in some measure the pressing necessity which threatened the dissolution of his army, as early as the 20th of December, 1777, he issued the following order: "By virtue of the power and direction especially given, I hereby enjoin and require all persons residing within seventy miles of my headquarters to thresh one-half of their grain by the first day of March next ensuing, on pain, in case of failure, of having all that shall remain *in sheaves*, after the period above mentioned, seized by the Commissaries and Quartermasters of the army, and paid for as *straw*."* In the absence of blankets, the want of straw as well as grain was sorely felt by the army; farmers in the immediate vicinity had suffered great loss by the presence of both armies in their midst. If the patriot army were considerate of those known to be friendly to their cause and merciless upon the "Tory," the British, who closely followed them, laid a heavy hand upon the supplies of the "Rebel," and between the two the farmers from the Brandywine to the Delaware found an involuntary market. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that those who had stowed away the grain and hay that was relied upon to keep body and soul together for another year, were tardy in threshing it out. The Commander-in-Chief comprehended the situation, and the order issued went direct to the vital point; it suggested an alternative which brought flails to

* "In a letter to Congress touching this order, Washington says, 'I regret the necessity which compelled us to issue this order, and I shall consider it among the greatest of our misfortunes to be under the necessity of practising it again. I am now obliged to keep several parties from the army threshing grain, that our supplies may not fail us; but this will not do.'"—*Marshall's Washington*, vol. i. p. 216.

the front, barn-doors were opened, the golden sheaves were brought in from well-preserved stacks, in many instances by the soldiers themselves, who were glad to exchange the rigors of a starving camp for the toil of the threshing-floor, which exchange yielded bread for themselves and compatriots by day, and afforded the hope of merriment amidst the cheerful homes of patriot mothers and daughters by night. Tradition says, that throughout the length and breadth of "Washington's seventy miles" could be heard from morn till night two or three threshers on every barn-floor. Straw was soon in the market, soft as flails could make it, and contributed greatly to the comfort of the men at Valley Forge, and hundreds and thousands of others sick and wounded, who filled every church and meeting-house from Barren Hill to the "Swamp," and from "Birmingham" to Reading.

"At no period of the war," writes Chief-Justice Marshall, "had the American army been reduced to a situation of greater peril than during the winter at Valley Forge More than once they were absolutely without food. Even while their condition was less desperate in this respect, their stock of provisions were so scanty that there was seldom at any time in the stores a quantity sufficient for the use of the troops for a week. The returns of the first of February exhibit the astonishing number of three thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine men in camp unfit for duty for want of clothes. Of this number scarcely a man had a pair of shoes. Although the total of the army exceeded seventeen thousand men, the present effective rank and file amounted to only five thousand and twelve. The returns throughout the winter did not effectually vary from that which has been particularly stated."

The situation of the camp was so eminently critical on the 14th of February, that General Varnum wrote to General Greene "that in all human probability the army must dissolve." On the 16th of the same month, Washington wrote to Governor Clinton: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starved as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery that they have not been

ere this excited by their sufferings to general mutiny and desertion."

Dr. Thatcher in his private journal states: "That it was with the greatest difficulty that men enough could be found in a fit condition to discharge the military camp duties from day to day, and for this purpose, those who were naked borrowed of those who were more fortunate in having covering for their bodies and shoes for their feet." Yet amidst the sufferings and privations endured by these devoted troops week after week and month after month, pelted by the storms of one of the severest winters ever known in this region, the love of country, the hope of victory, and an abiding confidence in their great leader sustained them until in the Providence of God the cause found an ally, whose offices of friendship, long and ardently hoped for by the chivalrous Lafayette, was finally assured by the diplomacy of our own glorious Franklin.

Captain Peter S. Duponceau, aide-de-camp on the staff of Baron Steuben, in a speech at Valley Forge on the 26th day of July, 1828, at a "Harvest Home," held in commemoration of the trials, and sufferings, and sacrifices of the Continental army, thus speaks of the period and situation: "At that time no nation in Europe had acknowledged our independence except a few insufficient succors secretly sent to us from France. We were left entirely to our own resources, which were, alas! all centred in the courage of our rulers and our brave soldiers. *Despondency* reigned everywhere *except* in the hearts of those who watched and *suffered* for our safety. I cannot well represent to you with what fortitude, resignation, and patience these trials were borne by the soldiers of the Revolution. They never broke into loud murmurs, much less into mutiny or disobedience. I have seen them when pressed by hunger sometimes pop their heads out of their poor huts, and call out in an undertone, 'No bread, no soldier;' but a single kind word from an officer would still their complaints, and they were willing to brave everything for the sake of Liberty and their Country."

Passing from the gloom of the command we are met with the perils of the Commander. The surrender of Burgoyne on the Hudson, due primarily to the comprehensive direction of Washington, successfully carried into execution by Major-

General Philip Schuyler, who, in an evil hour, was superseded by Major-General Horatio Gates, giving to the latter officer easy honors, and bringing to his standard the disaffected spirits of the army, as it did the impatient and fawning politicians of the period.

The victory of Gates at Saratoga was the inevitable result of conditions precedent to his assuming command in that department, a fact well understood by his contemporaries at the time; and it would seem that a proper respect for the proprieties of his profession, a due regard for the troops who served him, and the superior officers in merit and rank who made his triumph a possibility, should have induced subsequent conduct upon his part consistent with the highest interest of his country. But it was not so. Assuming honors he never merited, and powers never conferred upon him, he covertly sought to destroy personal attachments and inspire public distrust in his Commander-in-Chief.

Generals Conway and Mifflin, with others of less importance, served his base purpose only too well, and for a time the cabal worked unseen mischief in the attempted alienation of friends and disorganization of the army, which ultimately recoiled upon those most conspicuously connected with the movement, leaving the character of him they thought to asperse brighter, and purer, and nobler than ever before.

When apprised of the intrigues of faction by his personal friend, Mr. Laurens, then President of Congress, he replied with a frankness which, while it disclosed a wounded spirit, breathed in every line and sentence his unqualified attachment to the cause, and his unselfish love of country. He writes to his friend: "As I have no other view than to promote the public good, and am unambitious of honors not founded in the approbation of my country, I would not desire in the least degree to suppress a free spirit of inquiry into any part of my conduct that even faction itself may deem reprehensible. The anonymous paper handed you exhibits many serious charges, and it is my wish that it may be submitted to Congress. This I am the more inclined to, as the suppression or concealment may possibly involve you in embarrassments hereafter, since it is uncertain how many or who may be privy to the contest.

My enemies take an ungenerous advantage. They know the delicacy of my situation, and that motives of policy deprive me of the defence I might otherwise make against their insidious attacks. They know I cannot combat their insinuations, however injurious, without disclosing secrets it is of the utmost moment to conceal. But why should I expect to be free from censure, the unfailing lot of an elevated station? Merit and talents which I cannot pretend to rival have ever been subject to it. My heart tells me that it has been my unremitted aim to do the best which circumstances would permit. Yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgment of the means, and may in many instances deserve the imputation of error."

The secret intrigues within army circles, the violent criticism of partisans in the civil service, the protest of Pennsylvanians against the cantonment of the army, the hasty appointment of a new Board of War, consisting first of Major-General Thomas Mifflin, Colonel Timothy Pickering, and Colonel Robert H. Harrison; enlarged on the 17th of November, 1777, by the addition of Mr. Francis Dana and J. B. Smith, and again on the 27th of the same month by the further appointment of General Gates, Joseph Trumbull, and Richard Peters, Gates being chosen chairman, and as thus constituted, evidently in sympathy with the cabal, these circumstances promptly induced a correspondence by Washington with Congress, which resulted in the appointment of a committee from that body,* consisting of Mr. Francis Dana, General Joseph Reed, Nathan Folsom, Charles Carroll, and Gouverneur Morris, to visit the camp at Valley Forge, and who, if not in perfect accord with the condition of public affairs resulting from the campaign in Pennsylvania, were at least willing to hear an impartial statement of facts as presented by the Commander-in-Chief and those who surrounded him, and report back to Congress such suggestions for the future conduct of the army as would insure its preservation for the winter, and probable success in the proposed operations for the ensuing year, now rendered doubly promising by the friendly offices and assurances of France.

This committee remained in camp for several weeks, and

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* Journal of Congress, 1778–79, vol. ix. pp. 21–29.

finally drafted a report embodying suggestions generally accredited to the foresight, sagacity, and wisdom of Washington. Their labor was productive of the best results. They restored whatever want of confidence had been felt in the public mind, and hastened the work of preparation for the future, by conceding to the Commander-in-Chief the exercise of those powers originally contemplated by the terms of his commission.

Major-General Nathaniel Greene was, at the urgent request of Washington, appointed Quartermaster-General of the Continental army, a position which he accepted with great reluctance, but to which office he brought a degree of energy and judgment that speedily brought order out of chaos, and substituted plenty in the place of poverty. Under his supervising care supplies were organized by contract and purchase wherever possible, and by methodical impressment when and wherever the more preferable mode was impossible or impracticable.

Having the department of supplies now under the direction of an officer in accord with his plans and purposes (although he was not committed to certain details insisted upon by its chief), Washington turned his attention to filling the place left unoccupied by the apostasy of Conway as worthily as he had filled that made vacant by the resignation of Mifflin. Happily the choice of men for the position of Inspector-General of the army fell upon Baron Steuben, a Prussian officer of great distinction, having served seven years in the army and on the staff of Frederick the Great. He was then in his forty-seventh year, and had adopted America for his country. He came highly recommended by Franklin, then at Paris, and many distinguished officers in the French and Prussian armies, especially as a disciplinarian. He reached Washington's Headquarters on the 5th of February, 1778, and was promptly assigned to the Inspector-General's Department.

None but those who have attained proficiency in the science of war by academical training and long experience can fully appreciate the importance of discipline in an army, or measure the loss resulting in a hundred ways from the want of it, as seen in the improvidence which it begets, the insubordination which it inspires, and the tardiness in men and officers, which

always endangers and often defeats the best-laid plans of the commander.

Great was the astonishment of Steuben upon his arrival. Having united his destiny with the struggling Patriots, viewing the field of strife through eyes accustomed to the trained and well-supplied armies of Europe, always near the person and headquarters of his sovereign, brightened by the display of royal splendor, he keenly felt the unpleasing contrast as seen at Valley Forge. "He found our cities in the possession of a powerful foe, and when he came to look for the troops to retake them, he saw only a few thousand famished, half-naked men, looking more like beggars than soldiers, cooped up in miserable log huts, dragging out a dreary winter amid snow and storm." His first tour of inspection disclosed to his practised eye the impoverished condition of the camp, the want of discipline in officers and men, the vice of gambling, the frequency of petty theft, want of cleanliness of person, and its sure concomitant, pestilential disease,—the itch was only more common in the camp than the presence of vermin among the rank and file. So terrible was the poverty of necessary supplies, as late as January 12,* that the Commander-in-Chief issued an order to his Brigade Commanders to collect tallow and ashes with which to make soft-soap for the use of the men in camp. Well might the amazed Steuben declare "that no European army could be kept together under such suffering." Nothing daunted, however, and with all the sympathies of his noble nature aroused in our behalf, he commenced as soon as the season would permit to instruct both officers and men. It was his practice to rise at three o'clock in the morning, dress his hair, smoke, take his cup of coffee, and at sunrise be in the saddle, and if the weather permitted would have his men marching to the field for morning drill.

He organized one company, which he drilled in person to the highest point of efficiency in the use of the arms then relied upon in the infantry branch of the service, subsequently using them as a model or example by which to instruct regi-

* Brigade Order, Valley Forge, January 12, 1778. Order Book, Pennsylvania Historical Society Rooms.

ments and brigades. We regret that history does not furnish us with the letter, name, or some means of identifying the company thus selected, the example of which was so effectual in promoting the efficiency of their comrades. Honorable mention is frequently made of the distinguished service of Baron Steuben in this regard, and for which he was, on May 5, 1778, commissioned Major-General. But alas! for the brave men who answered his imperative roll-call upon these hills at each morning sun, who generously sunk their individuality and became automatons to exemplify the first great duty of the soldier,—i.e., *to obey*.

Truer fame was never won on tented field by more heroic men, and though they be nameless on our history's page, no greater victory emblazoned the banners of the patriot army than that which this company achieved in the discipline of themselves, and by their example the discipline of the army at Valley Forge. Unknown though this company be, and nameless its roll of heroes, honor and gratitude alike demand that they should share the credit bestowed upon their zealous commander by a country, whose historians declare the result of this primary school of discipline was seen in the ensuing campaign at the battle of Monmouth, where "Washington rallied his men when in full retreat, and brought them into action under the very blaze of the enemy's guns. They wheeled like veteran troops in their places, and then moved steadily on the foe."

The department of the Inspector-General now received the attention its vast importance deserved, and *discipline*, before irregular, or practised only under particular leaders, was introduced into and imposed as a duty upon every command and in every department. All the arrangements to carry into effect the plans of the Commander-in-Chief were heartily seconded and perfected by this accomplished master of details, and as the legitimate sequence, the intricate machinery of the army began to move in order and in the direction of success.

With the explosion of the Conway Cabal, the restoration of public confidence by the patriotic officers of the Committee of Congress, the induction of Greene into the department of supplies, the assignment of Steuben to the task of organizing and

disciplining the army, a burden was lifted from the shoulders of Washington, who, as he calmly surveyed the future, supported by the presence and fidelity of Knox and Sterling, of Hamilton and Pickering and Lafayette, felt that the crisis in his life and country had been reached and passed, and the midnight gloom of the Revolution was broken.

As repulse had followed repulse in rapid succession in the preceding months, at Brandywine, Paoli, and Germantown, giving rise to detraction, crimination, infidelity, divided and dissenting counsels, so now in the lengthening days and genial suns of coming spring, he felt the assuring circumstance of returning confidence, found new and better men to fill the places of those who had been tried and found weak, vacillating, and faithless, and above all, and greater than all these agencies of human life, he saw in the impending providences of Almighty God, in whom he reposed an abiding trust, a hastening ally in France, the assurance of whose friendship and co-operation in means and men, by land and sea, removed the last doubt in his mind of achieving "Independence, Liberty, and Peace." Coming and portentous events cast their long and succoring shadows before, and although no electric wire flashed the glad news of Franklin's success at the Court of Louis XVI. in concluding a "treaty of amity and commerce" on the 6th of February, 1778, and also a defensive treaty of alliance, in which the two parties mutually engaged not to lay down their arms until "the Independence of the United States should be assured by the treaties terminating the war;" yet the constancy of Lafayette, his influence with and assurances from his sovereign, made him a daily monitor at the side of the great Commander, and prepared him for the reception of the official announcement which reached Valley Forge on the first day of May, 1778. His official order, issued May 7, announcing the event, and preparing his camp to celebrate the occasion, beautifully and feelingly expresses the sense of gratefulness universally felt by army and people, and, as we may believe, was inspired by the fervent prayers he uttered on bended knees in his season of joy upon these hills.*

* The following account of Washington's prayer at Valley Forge was copied from a paper in the handwriting of Ruth Amy Potts, daughter of Isaac Potts, who

"Oh! who shall know the might
Of the words he uttered there?
The fate of nations there was turn'd
By the fervor of his prayer."

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe to defend the cause of the United States, and finally raise up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth to establish our Liberty and Independence upon a lasting foundation, it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the Divine interposition. The several brigades are to assemble for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow, when their chaplains will communicate the information contained in the postscript of the Pennsylvania *Gazette* of the 2d inst., and offer up a thanksgiving and deliver a discourse suitable to the event."

The day was signalized as one of National deliverance. Devotional exercises were followed by patriotic addresses, National salutes were fired, and upon a given signal the whole army joined in a grand huzza, LONG LIVE THE KING OF FRANCE! LONG LIVE THE FRIENDLY POWERS OF EUROPE AND THE AMERICAN STATES!

The Commander-in-Chief and staff were the guests of the New Jersey troops during the religious services of the day,

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died in 1811. See Potts's Manual, by Mrs. F. P. James, member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society: "While the American army lay at Valley Forge, a good old Quaker by the name of Potts had occasion to pass through a thick wood near the headquarters. As he traversed the dark, brown forest he heard a voice, which, as he advanced, became more fervid and interesting. Approaching with slowness and circumspection, whom should he behold in a dark bower, apparently formed for the purpose, but the Commander-in-Chief of the United Colonies on his knees, in the act of devotion, to the Ruler of the universe. At the moment when friend Potts, concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country. With tones of gratitude that labored for adequate expression, he adored that exuberance of goodness which, from the depths of obscurity, had exalted him to the head of a great nation, and that nation figuring at fearful odds for all the world holds dear. . . .

"As soon as the General had finished his devotions and retired, friend Potts returned to his house and threw himself in a chair beside his wife. 'Heigh, Isaac,' said she, with tenderness, 'what is the matter?' 'Indeed,' quoth he, 'if I appear agitated, 'tis no more than what I am. I have seen this day what I shall never forget. Till now, I have thought that a Christian and a soldier were characters incompatible, but if George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken; and still more shall I be disappointed if God, through him, do not perform some great thing for this country.'"

after which the general officers of the command joined him at the Potts Mansion, whereat was served in true Continental style one of those famous dinners for which Washington always manifested a fondness.

To crown the day with universal rejoicing, before the hour of dining he issued the following order, and directed its immediate execution: "The Commander-in-Chief, in this season of general joy, takes occasion to proclaim pardon and release to all persons now in confinement, whether in the provost or other places. This he is induced to do that the influence of prosperity may be as extensive as possible. Even those that merit punishment rather than favor should not be excluded the benefit of an event so interesting to mankind as that which lately appeared to the officers of America. He hopes the indulgence will not be abused, but excite gratitude and produce a change of conduct, and an allowance of every practice consistent with the duty they owe their country."

With the changing season came the hopeful change in the tide of human affairs. Guided by the unfaltering wisdom of the great chieftain, who never for a moment loosed his grasp upon the helm of power committed to his command, he steadily, amidst praise and blandishment, detraction and calumny, directed the combined agencies of America and her ally around the sharp angle, the turning-point in the Revolution, and on the high road to final success. Within forty-eight hours after signing the treaties of commerce and alliance between America and France, British spies carried the portentous news to their sovereign, whose Ministry at once sought by well-marked measures of conciliation to paralyze the inevitable result contemplated by the alliance. Three months elapsed before Washington was apprised of the proceeding; yet so certain and well founded were his anticipations of the event, so thoroughly had he prepared the public for its announcement, so closely had he discounted the probable action of the home government, that all their well-laid schemes to disconcert him and induce the acceptance of terms at variance with the declared will of the people utterly failed, leaving him master of the situation with an army fresh for the field, reorganized, equipped, drilled, and disciplined by the exertions of his splendid staff.

Active operations along the entire line, from Wilmington to Trenton, were commenced at an early period. Smallwood and Morgan and Lee were constant in their efforts on the west of the Schuylkill, and Lacy and Jameson and McClane were equally as vigilant on the east side of that river, to press back the outer line of the British and confine them to a city the occupancy of which was now seen to be a blunder, if not the pregnant source of approaching disaster to Howe's army. Washington, feeling assured of its evacuation, prepared for the event, and on the 18th of May directed General Lafayette with a corps of twenty-five hundred picked men to occupy Barren Hill, observe the movements of the enemy, and in the event of their retreat across New Jersey to fall upon their left and rear, while he would follow as rapidly as possible with the main army. The story of Lafayette at Barren Hill is one of the most interesting historical episodes of the Revolutionary war. The assignment of this youthful and illustrious officer by the Commander-in-Chief to the command of an independent expedition composed of the flower of the army, charged with duties certain to expose him to trials and perils of the most extraordinary character, illustrates the boundless confidence reposed in him; and the manner in which he acquitted himself in disconcerting the plans laid by Howe, Clinton, Grant, and Sir William Erskine to destroy or capture him and his command, marks him as an officer of quick and brilliant perceptions upon the field of battle, perfect self-control in the hour of peril, and brave to a fault. Time will not permit us to repeat the names of the distinguished officers who served with him in the expedition, or disclose the movements by which he extricated himself from a situation made perilous by the withdrawal of the militia from Whitemarsh and a rapid night march by the enemy, but which was timely revealed by the sleepless vigilance of Colonel McClane. Suffice must be to say, from the summit of these hills, on the morning of May 20, 1778, Washington, surrounded by a number of his field officers, witnessed the passage of Lafayette and his troops across the Schuylkill at Matson's Ford, now Conshohocken, under cover of the guns of General Poor, with a loss of only nine men, lost and captured.

Here we pause and close this paper, trusting that a grateful people will ever cherish and honor the memory of the heroic men whose valor and vigilance, toil and patient suffering, won for themselves and their posterity *Independence*, *Peace*, and the *Republic*.

The following order is found in the Lee papers, New York Historical Society, vol. ii. p. 406:

HEADQUARTERS, 30th May, 1778.

SIR,—Poor's, Varnum's, and Huntingdon's brigades are to march in one Division under your command to the North River. The Quartermaster-General will give you the route, encampment, and halting-places, to which you will conform as strictly as possible, to prevent interfering with other troops, and that I may know your situation every day. Leave as few sick and lame on the road as possible. Such as are absolutely incapable of marching with you are to be committed to the care of proper officers, with directions to follow as fast as their condition will allow.

Be strict in your discipline, suffer no rambling, keep men in their ranks and officers with their divisions, avoid pressing horses as much as possible, and punish severely every officer and soldier who shall presume to press without authority. Prohibit the burning of fences. In a word, you are to protect the persons and property of the inhabitants from every kind of insult and abuse.

Begin your march at four o'clock in the morning at the latest, that it may be over before the heat of the day, and that the soldiers may have time to cook, refresh, and prepare for the following day. I am, etc.,

G°. WASHINGTON.

P. S.—June 18. The foregoing instructions may serve you for general directions, but circumstances have varied since they were written. You are to halt on the first strong ground after passing the Delaware at Coryell's Ferry till further orders, unless you should receive authentic intelligence that the enemy have proceeded by a direct route to South Amboy or still lower. In this case you will continue your march to the North River, agreeably to former orders, and by the rout already given you. If my memory does not deceive me, there is an advantageous spot of ground at the ferry, to the right of the road leading from the water.

The Detachment under Col. Jackson to move to and take possession of Philadelphia, and prevent plundering and abuse of persons. Van Scoick's Regiment to replace the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment in the Pennsylvania Brigade. The Second State Regiment of Virginia to replace the Thirteenth Regiment in Scott's Brigade. Park of Artillery to the several divisions equally, and march with them.

The First and Second Divisions to move the morning after intelligence is received of the enemy's evacuation of the city.

The Third and Fourth Divisions, the morning after these, and the Fifth Division the morning succeeding; every day's march to be given at four o'clock A.M. at furtherst.

G°. WASHINGTON.

The disposition for the Baggage of the Army to be as follows: The Commander-in-chief's Baggage is to march in the front of the column of wagons. The Adju-

tant General's, Paymaster-General's, Engineers' Muster Master, Auditor of Accounts, the Baggage of the Marquis de Lafayette and De Kalbe's Division, the baggage of Lord Sterling's Division, and then the Wagons of the Quarter-Master General's department, Flying Hospital, and lastly the Commissary and forage-Master General's Wagons. The whole Baggage to fall in rear of the Column of Troops.

There will be a party of Artificers to go in front and rear of whole to mend Bridges and repair the broken carriages, which will take their orders from Qa.-M. Gen'l.

G°. WASHINGTON.

Order of March and route of the Army from Camp Valley Forge to Newburg on the North River, opposite Fishkill:

Poor, Varnum, Huntingdon.	1st, Lee. Coryell's.
1st Penna., 2d ditto, Late Conway's.	2d, Mifflin. Sherard.
Woodford, Scott, No. Carolina.	3rd, Marquis. Coryell's.
Glover, Patterson, Learned.	4th, De Kalb. Easton.
Weedon, Muhlenberg, 1st Maryland, 2d Maryland.	5th, Sterling. Coryell's.

NOTE.—The Light Horse is to march in front and upon the right flank in the day, and encamp in the rear of the troops at night.

The new guards will form the advance guard of the army, and the old guards the rear Guard. Each regiment will send out a flank guard on the right flank in the proportion of a sergeant and twelve men to every 200 men.

POEM.

BY MRS. MARY E. THROPP CONE.

To the Patriots of the Present and the Past; to the Living and the Dead of Valley Forge; TO ALL who gather to-day at my beloved home beyond the sea, these lines are most respectfully dedicated by Mrs. Andrew Cone.*

Within my window, opening to the sea,
I stand afar, and muse alone,
Not on Brazilian scene of wave and shore,
But on the Valley of my home.
Above, in graceful rainbow curves,
The banner Freedom won,
Of lily, rose, and starry-blue,
Floats in the morning sun.

Before me spreads the flashing sea,
Cradling the white-winged ships to rest,
Circling fair Amazonian isles,
In their rich tropic beauty drest:
The beauty of the changeless years,
Where winters never come,
Touched by their artist's matchless hand,
The equatorial sun.

Oh! gazing from this arch of palms,
O'er silver reach of shining bay,
My senses wrapt in beauty's dream,
My truant thoughts are far away—
Not on the glory of this summer land,
Not on this sky of sapphire blue,
Ah, no! my longing heart, dear friends,
Is all at home with you!

* Mrs. Andrew Cone, formerly Miss Mary E. Thropp, of Valley Forge, is now the wife of our United States Consul at Para, Brazil.

Brazilia's wilds with flowers aflame,
Brazilia's wastes sublime,
Her broad savannas, and her boundless floods,
In all their flush of prime—
Superb the setting, but the gem
Is dross, compared with thee,
In Virtue firm, in Wisdom great,
Thou land of Liberty!

Far up 'mid Pennsylvania's hills
Ye gather now, brave Boys in Blue,
Who guarded with your lives the land
Our fathers left to me and you.
Hast'ning with honor, laurels, love,
Ye come from farm and busy mart,—
I come not, but, half trembling, send
The tribute of my grateful heart.

Oh, Loyal Men, who conquering came,
Late from the lurid fields of war,
Bringing the Ark of Union home
On your victorious car;
'Tis meet that you, brave, kindred souls,
Should seek each patriot mound,
With reverent feet, and grateful heart,
Our country's holy ground!

Men, o'er the ocean, fought for Kings,
But ye, brave Sire and Son,
To make these States "the Promised Land"
For all beneath the sun;
You rushed to battle, eager, brave,
And fought—the Nation's pride—
True sons of martyred sires who erst
Endured, and starved and died.

Sublime in suffering, waiting was to do,
Oh, holy men of long ago!
Starving in cold and frozen camp,
Praying on blood-stained snow;

Till weary with the hope deferred,
Some waited not the coming day;
But overtaxed, by suffering spent,
The silver cord gave way.

They prayed, and fought, endured and died,
For all the race of time;
And ye, their Peers, through paths of death
Bore Union-Ark to Freedom's Shrine.
Oh, could their unseen souls return,
How would they bless their sons!
Mingling with triumph, songs of praise,
And holy orisons.

Rejoice! the veil of centuries is rent,
A hundred years sublime
Lie like the waves, ere winds arise,
Upon the shores of time!
Blest vale, so fair that Paradise
Revived for man, again, in thee,
Blest sunny slopes, and favoring skies,
That cradled first young Liberty!

Oh, could thy child's enraptured story
Tell the great deed erst done in thee;
Her verse proclaim the half thy glory,
Till every human eye might see:
How would mankind adore thy hills,
Bless every mound thou bearest,
And kiss, with reverent love, the hem
Of blood-bought robe thou wearest!

Renowned thy Chieftain's soul of truth,
Thy Prussian's martial lore,
Thy Marquis—*all* the lion hearts
Who led in Freedom's war.
Our grateful hearts beat high to them,
But, oh! they yearn to-day,
O'er those whose strong, heroic souls,
In silence passed away.

How oft in hero-worship there,
I've knelt and kissed the sod,
O'er men who through that ordeal grew
Great as the sons of God.
Oh, feet that pressed these green redoubts,
Worn feet, this camping-ground,
Your work among these holy hills
Is felt the wide earth 'round.

For this, successive races fought,
Swiss, Greek, and Roman bled,—
Ye wrought at Freedom's Forge the steel
To strike Oppression dead!
One power is reaping her reward,
Sole nation, in advance,
To welcome Heaven-born Freedom in,
The friendly land of France.

In war-tried Europe, nations fall,
But thou, oh, Fair and Young!
Now that the clouds of Slavery flee,
That o'er thy morning hung—
Thy sun must rise, while theirs decline,
Shedding o'er all Hope's ray serene;
Dispelling heart-ache, want, and woe,
Where'er its peaceful glories beam.

The Union safe, thy loyal sons
Press proudly 'round thee now,
Who lifted Slavery's malison
From Freedom's suffering brow.
She mourns her unreturning brave,
Lost in our country's night of woe,
While yet the tide of civil war,
O'er breaking hearts surged to and fro.

And, Christ-like, on the mountain yearns
To gather young and old,
In pitying love, till her white wings
Shall all mankind enfold.

Land of my love! God guard thee well,
Thou hope of every clime!
And guide thee, blessing man and blest,
Thou Fairest-born of Time!

Oh, keep our fair Columbia pure,
Brave brothers, tried and true,
Guard well her honor, and the right,
Our hopes are all with you!
Then round her brow for evermore,
Shall stars of Freedom shine,
That know no zenith of increase,
No nadir of decline.

Now blest with Union, Freedom, Peace,
Give all the praise to God,
And consecrate anew, this day,
Our land, our lives to God.
Then shall His benison descend
On harvest and on store,
And, ocean-like, o'er all the land
Flow ever, evermore!

Hark! 'tis the martial tread of hosts,
The faint, far roll of drum,
The refrain of the mighty dead,
Across the ages come!
Unseen, but "ministering spirits" still,
The deathless heroes pass
In long, august procession,
Through memory's magic glass.

Grand armies! glorious then and now,
That, left to face the foe,
This, victor comes, united, free,
To honor those of long ago.
March, brothers, march at set of sun,
Your graceful homage given,
And let your pæans, as you go,
Roll o'er the hills to Heaven.

United States Consulate, Pará, Brazil, May 11, 1878.

ORATION.

BY HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

It is an honor to be here to-day. It is a privilege to behold this anniversary. This unusual spectacle, these solemn services, these flags and decorations, this tuneful choir, this military array, this distinguished company, this multitude darkening all the hill-side, proclaim the general interest and attest its magnitude. And it is proper to commemorate this time. One hundred years ago this country was the scene of extraordinary events and very honorable actions. We feel the influence of them in our institutions and our daily lives, and it is both natural and right for us to seek, by some means, to mark their hundredth anniversaries. Those moments are passing quickly. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Germantown, Saratoga, have gone by already. Monmouth, Stony Point, Eutaw, and Yorktown are close at hand. It is eminently fit that we should gather here.

I cannot add to what has already been said about this place. The deeds which have made it famous have passed into history. The page on which they are recorded is written. We can neither add to it nor take away. The heroic dead who suffered here are far beyond our reach. No human eulogy can make their glory greater, no failure to do them justice make it less. Theirs is a perfect fame,—safe, certain, and complete. Their trials here secured the happiness of a continent; their labors have borne fruit in the free institutions of a powerful nation; their examples give hope to every race and clime; their names live on the lips of a grateful people; their memory is cherished in their children's hearts, and shall endure forever. It is not for their sakes, then, but for our own, that we have assembled here to-day. This anniversary, if I understand it right, has a purpose of its own. It is duty that has brought us here. The spirit appropriate to this hour is one of humility rather than of pride, of reverence rather than of exultation. We come, it is

true, the representatives of forty millions of free men by ways our fathers never dreamed of, from religions of which they never heard. We come in the midst of plenty, under a sky of peace, power in our right hand and the keys of knowledge in our left. But we are here to learn rather than to teach; to worship, not to glorify. We come to contemplate the sources of our country's greatness; to commune with the honored past; to remind ourselves and show our children that joy can come out of sorrow, happiness out of suffering, light out of darkness, life out of death.

Such is the meaning of this anniversary. I cannot do it justice. Would that there could come to some one in this multitude a tongue of fire,—an inspiration born of the time itself, that, standing in this place and speaking with the voice of olden time, he might tell us in fitting language of our fathers! But it cannot be. Not even now. Not even here. Perhaps we do not need it. Some of us bear their blood, and all alike enjoy the happiness their valor and endurance won. And if my voice be feeble, we have but to look around. The hills that saw them suffer look down on us; the ground that thrilled beneath their feet we tread to-day; their unmarked graves still lie in yonder field; the breastworks which they built to shelter them surround us here! Dumb witnesses of the heroic past, ye need no tongues! Face to face with you we see it all. This soft breeze changes to an icy blast; these trees drop the glory of the summer, and the earth beneath our feet is wrapped in snow. Beside us is a village of log huts; along that ridge smoulder the fires of a camp. The sun has sunk, the stars glitter in the inky sky, the camp is hushed, the fires are out, the night is still. All are in slumber save where a lamp glimmers in a cottage window, and a passing shadow shows a tall figure pacing to and fro. The cold silence is unbroken, save when on yonder ramparts, crunching the crisp snow with wounded feet, a ragged sentinel keeps watch for liberty!

The close of 1777 marked the gloomiest period of the Revolution. The early enthusiasm of the struggle had passed away. The doubts which the first excitements banished had returned. The novelty of war had gone, and its terrors become awfully familiar. Fire and sword had devastated some of the best parts

of the country, its cities were ruined, its fields laid waste, its resources drained, its best blood poured out in sacrifice. The strength now had become one of endurance, and while liberty and independence seemed as far off as ever, men began to appreciate the tremendous cost at which they were to be purchased. The capture of Burgoyne had, after all, been only a temporary check to a powerful and still unexhausted enemy. Nor was its effect on the Americans themselves wholly beneficial. It had caused the North to relax, in a great measure, its activity and vigilance, and, combined with the immunity from invasions which the South had enjoyed, to lull asleep two-thirds of the continent. While a few hundred ill-armed, half-clad Americans guarded the Highlands of the Hudson, a well-equipped garrison, several thousand strong, lived in luxury in the city of New York. The British fleet watched with the eyes of Argus the rebel coast. Rhode Island lay undisputed in their hands; Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas were open to their invasion, and as incapable of defence as Maryland had been when they landed in the Chesapeake. Drawn upon for the army, the sparse population could not half till the soil, and the savings of laborious years had all been spent. While the miserable paper currency which Congress, with a fatal folly never to be absent from the counsels of men, continued to issue and call money, obeyed natural rather than artificial laws, and fell four hundred per cent., coin flowed to Philadelphia and New York, and in spite of military orders and civil edicts, the scanty produce of the country followed it. Nor could the threatened penalty of death restrain the evil. Want began to be widely felt, and the frequent proclamations of the British, accompanied with Tory intrigue and abundant gold, to have effect. To some, even of the wisest, the case was desperate. Even the elements seemed to combine against the cause. A deluge prevented a battle at the Warren Tavern, a fog robbed Washington of victory at Germantown, and at last, while the fate of America hung on the courage, the fortitude, and the patriotism of eleven thousand half-clothed, half-armed, hungry Continentals, who, discomforted but not discouraged, beaten but not disheartened, suffering but steadfast still, lay on their firelocks on the frozen ridges of Whitemarsh, a British army nineteen thousand five

hundred strong, of veteran troops, perfectly equipped, freshly recruited from Europe and flushed with recent victory, marched into winter-quarters in the chief city of the nation.

THE OCCUPATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia surely had never seen such gloomy days as those which preceded the entry of the British. On the 24th of August the American army marched through the length of Front Street; on the 25th the British landed at the head of Elk. Days of quiet anxiety ensued. On the 11th of September, as Tom Paine was writing a letter to Dr. Franklin, the sound of cannon in the southwest interrupted him. From morning until late in the afternoon people in the streets listened to the dull sound like distant thunder. About six o'clock it died away, and the straining ear could catch nothing but the soughing of the wind. With what anxiety men waited, —with what suspense! The sun sank in the west, and the shadows crept over the little city. It was the universal hour for the evening meal, but who could go home to eat? Men gathered about the State House to talk, to conjecture, to consult together, and the women whispered in little groups at the doorsteps and craned their necks out of the darkened windows to look nervously up and down the street. About eight o'clock there was a little tumult near the Coffee House. The story spread that Washington had gained a victory, and a few lads set up a cheer. But it was not traced to good authority, and disappointment followed. By nine in the evening the suspense was painful. Suddenly, far up Chestnut Street was heard the clatter of horses' feet. Some one was galloping hard. Down Chestnut, like an arrow, came at full speed a single horseman. He had ridden fast and his horse was splashed with foam. Hearts beat quickly as he dashed by; past Sixth Street, past the State House, past Fifth, and round the corner into Fourth. The crowd followed, and instantly packed around him as he drew rein at the Indian Queen. He threw a glance at the earnest faces that were turned toward his and spoke: "A battle has been fought at the Birmingham Meeting-house, on the Brandywine; the army has been beaten; the French Marquis Lafayette shot through the leg. His Excellency has fallen

back to Chester; the road below is full of stragglers." And then the crowd scattered, each one to his home, but not to sleep. A few days followed full of contradictory stories. The armies are manœuvring on the Lancaster pike. Surely Washington will fight another battle. And then the news came and spread like lightning,—Wayne has been surprised, and his brigade massacred at the Paoli, and the enemy are in full march for Philadelphia; the Whigs are leaving by hundreds; the authorities are going; the Congress have gone; the British have arrived at Germantown. Who can forget the day that followed?

A sense of something dreadful about to happen hangs over the town. A third of the houses are shut and empty. Shops are unopened, and busy rumor flies about the streets. Early in the morning the sidewalks are filled with a quiet, anxious crowd. The women watch behind bowed windows with half-curious, half-frightened looks. The men, solemn and subdued, whisper in groups, "Will they come to-day?" "Are they here already?" "Will they treat us like a conquered people?" It was inevitable since the hot-bloods would have war. Sometimes the Tory can be detected by an exultant look, but the general sentiment is gloomy. The morning drags along. By ten o'clock Second Street, from Callowhill to Chestnut, is filled with old men and boys. There is hardly a young man to be seen. About eleven is heard the sound of approaching cavalry, and a squadron of dragoons comes galloping down the street, scattering the boys right and left. The crowd parts to let them by and melts together again. In a few minutes far up the street there is the faint sound of martial music and something moving that glitters in the sunlight. The crowd thickens and is full of hushed expectation. Presently one can see a red mass swaying to and fro. It becomes more and more distinct. Louder grows the music and the tramp of marching men as waves of scarlet, tipped with steel, come moving down the street. They are now but a square off,—their bayonets glancing in perfect line and steadily advancing to the music of "God Save the King."

These are the famous grenadiers. Their pointed caps of red, fronted with silver, their white leather leggings and short scar-

let coats, trimmed with blue, make a magnificent display. They are perfectly equipped, and look well fed and hearty. Behind them are more cavalry. No, these must be officers. The first one is splendidly mounted and wears the uniform of a general. He is a stout man, with gray hair and a pleasant countenance, in spite of the squint of an eye which disfigures it. A whisper goes through the bystanders, "It is Lord Cornwallis himself." A brilliant staff in various uniforms follows him and five men in civilian's dress. A glance of recognition follows these last like a wave along the street, for they are Joseph Galloway, Enoch Story, Tench Coxe, and the two Allens,—father and son, —Tories, who have only dared to return home behind British bayonets. Long lines of red coats follow till the Fourth, the Fortieth, and the Fifty-fifth Regiments have passed by. But who are these in dark blue that come behind the grenadiers? Breeches of yellow leather, leggings of black, and tall, pointed hats of brass complete their uniform. They wear moustaches, and have a fierce foreign look, and their unfamiliar music seems to a child in that crowd to cry "Plunder! plunder! plunder!" as it times their rapid march. These are the Hessian mercenaries whom Washington surprised and thrashed so well at Christmas in '76. And now grenadiers and yägers, horse, foot, and artillery that rumbles along making the windows rattle, have all passed by. The Fifteenth Regiment is drawn up on High Street, near Fifth; the Forty-second Highlanders in Chestnut below Third; and the artillery is parked in the State House yard. All the afternoon the streets are full,—wagons with luggage lumbering along, officers in scarlet riding to and fro, aides and orderlies seeking quarters for their different officers. Yonder swarthy, haughty-looking man dismounting at Norris's door is my Lord Rawdon. Lord Cornwallis is quartered at Peter Reeves's in Second, near Spruce, and Knyphausen at Henry Lisle's, nearer to Dock Street, on the east. The younger officers are well bestowed, for Dr. Franklin's house has been taken by a certain clever Captain Andre. The time for the evening parade comes, and the well-equipped regiments are drawn up in line, while slowly to the strains of martial music the sun sinks in autumnal splendor in the west. The streets are soon in shadow, but still noisy with the tramping of

soldiers and the clatter of arms. In High Street, and on the commons, fires are lit for the troops to do their cooking, and the noises of the camp mingle with the city's hum. Most of the houses are shut, but here and there one stands wide open, while brilliantly dressed officers lounge at the windows or pass and repass in the doorway. The sound of laughter and music is heard, and the brightly lit windows of the London Coffee House and the Indian Queen tell of the parties that are celebrating there the event they think so glorious, and thus, amid sounds of revelry, the night falls on the Quaker City. In spite of Trenton, and Princeton, and Brandywine; in spite of the wisdom of Congress, and the courage and skill of the Commander-in-Chief; in spite of the bravery and fortitude of the Continental army, the forces of the king are in the Rebel capital, and the "all's well" of hostile sentinels keeping guard by her northern border passes unchallenged from the Schuylkill to the Delaware.

What matters it to Sir William Howe and his victorious army if rebels be starving and their ragged currency be almost worthless? Here is gold and plenty of good cheer. What whether they threaten to attack the British lines or disperse through the impoverished country in search of food? The ten redoubts that stretch from Fairmount to Cohocksink Creek are stout and strongly manned, the river is open, and supplies and reinforcements are on the way from England. What if the earth be wrinkled with frost? The houses of Philadelphia are snug and warm. What if the rigorous winter has begun and snow be whitening the hills? Here are mirth and music, and dancing and wine, and women and play, and the pageants of a riotous capital! And so with feasting and with revelry let the winter wear away!

ANOTHER PICTURE.

The wind is cold and piercing on the old Gulf road, and the snow-flakes have begun to fall. Who is this that toils up yonder hill, his footsteps stained with blood? "His bare feet peep through his worn-out shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of an only pair of stockings, his breeches not enough to cover his nakedness, his shirt hanging in strings, his

hair dishevelled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected. On his shoulder he carries a rusty gun, and the hand that grasps the stock is blue with cold. His comrade is no better off, nor he who follows, for both are barefoot, and the ruts of the rough country road are deep and frozen hard. A fourth comes into view, and still another. A dozen are in sight. Twenty have reached the ridge, and there are more to come. See them as they mount the hill that slopes eastward into the great valley. A thousand are in sight, but they are but the vanguard of the motley company that winds down the road until it is lost in the cloud of snow-flakes that have hidden the Gulf hills. Yonder are horsemen in tattered uniforms, and behind them cannon lumbering slowly over the frozen road, half dragged, half pushed by men. They who appear to be in authority have coats of every make and color. Here is one in a faded blue, faced with buckskin that has once been buff; there is another on a tall, gaunt horse, wrapped in a sort of dressing-gown made of an old blanket or woollen bed-cover. A few of the men wear long linen hunting-shirts reaching to the knee, but of the rest no two are dressed alike,—not half have shirts, a third are barefoot, many are in rags. Nor are their arms the same. Cow-horns and tin boxes they carry for want of pouches. A few have swords, fewer still bayonets. Muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, and rifles are to be seen together side by side.

Are these soldiers that huddle together and bow their heads as they face the biting wind? Is this an army that comes straggling through the valley in the blinding snow? No martial music leads them in triumph into a captured capital; no city full of good cheer and warm and comfortable homes awaits their coming; no sound keeps time to their weary steps save the icy wind rattling the leafless branches and the dull tread of their weary feet on the frozen ground. In yonder forest must they find their shelter, and on the northern slope of these inhospitable hills their place of refuge. Perils shall soon assault them more threatening than any they encountered under the windows of Chew's house or by the banks of Brandywine. Trials that rarely have failed to break the fortitude of men

await them here. False friends shall endeavor to undermine their virtue and secret enemies to shake their faith; the Congress whom they serve shall prove helpless to protect them, and their country herself seem unmindful of their sufferings; cold shall share their habitations and hunger enter in and be their constant guest; disease shall infest their huts by day and famine stand guard with them through the night; frost shall lock their camp with icy fetters and the snows cover it as with a garment; the storms of winter shall be pitiless,—but all in vain. Danger shall not frighten nor temptation have power to seduce them. Doubt shall not shake their love of country nor suffering overcome their fortitude. The powers of evil shall not prevail against them, for they are the Continental Army, and these are the hills of Valley Forge!

It is not easy to-day to imagine this country as it appeared a century ago. Yonder city, which now contains one-fourth as many inhabitants as were found in those days between Maine and Georgia, was a town of but thirty thousand men, and at the same time the chief city of the continent. The richness of the soil around it had early attracted settlers, and the farmers of the great valley had begun to make that country the garden which it is to-day; but from the top of this hill one could still behold the wilderness under cover of which, but twenty years before, the Indian had spread havoc through the back settlements on the Lehigh and the Susquehanna. The most important place between the latter river and the site of Fort Pitt, "at the junction of the Ohio," was the frontier village of York, where Congress had taken refuge. The single road which connected Philadelphia with the western country had been cut through the forest to Harris's Block-House but forty years before. It was half a century only since its iron ore had led to the settlement of Lancaster, and little more than a quarter since a single house had marked the site of Reading. The ruins of Colonel Bull's plantation—burned by the British on their march—lay in solitude on the hills which are covered to-day with the roofs and spires of Norristown, and where yonder cloud hangs over the furnaces and foundries of Phœnixville a man named Gordon, living in a cave, gave his name to a crossing of the river. Nor was this spot itself the same. A few small houses clustered

about Potts's Forge, where the creek tumbled into the Schuylkill, and two or three near the river-bank marked the beginning of a little farm. The axe had cleared much of the bottom-lands and fertile fields of the great valley, but these hills were still wrapped in forest that covered their sides far as the eye could reach. The roads that ascended their ridge on the south and east plunged into densest woods as they climbed the hill and met beneath its shadow at the same spot where to-day a school-house stands in the midst of smiling fields. It is no wonder that Baron de Kalb, as he gazed on the forest of oak and chestnut that covered the sides and summit of Mount Joy, should have described the place bitterly as "a wilderness."

THE ENCAMPMENT.

But nevertheless it was well chosen. There was no town that would answer. Wilmington and Trenton would have afforded shelter, but in the one the army would have been useless, and in the other in constant danger. Reading and Lancaster were so distant that the choice of either would have left a large district open to the enemy, and both, in which were valuable stores, could better be covered by an army here. Equally distant with Philadelphia from the fords of Brandywine and the ferry into Jersey, the army could move to either point as rapidly as the British themselves, and while distant enough from the city to be safe from surprise or sudden attack itself, it could protect the country that lay between and at the same time be a constant menace to the capital. Strategically, then, the General could not have chosen better. And the place was well adapted for the purpose. The Schuylkill, flowing from the Blue Hills, bent here toward the eastward. Its current was rapid and its banks precipitous. The Valley Creek, cutting its way through a deep defile at right angles to the river, formed a natural boundary on the west. The hill called Mount Joy, at the entrance of that defile, threw out a spur which, running parallel to the river about a mile, turned at length northward and met its banks. On the one side this ridge enclosed a rolling table-land; on the other it sloped sharply to the great valley. The engineers under Duportail marked out a line of intrenchments four feet high, protected by a ditch six feet wide, from the entrance

of the Valley Creek defile along the crest of this ridge until it joined the bank of the Schuylkill, where a redoubt marked the eastern angle of the encampment. High on the shoulder of Mount Joy a second line girdled the mountain and then ran northward to the river, broken only by the hollow through which the Gulf road descended to the Forge. This hollow place was later defended by an abatis and a triangular earth-work.

A redoubt on the east side of Mount Joy commanded the Valley road, and another behind the left flank of the abatis that which came from the river, while a star redoubt on a hill at the bank acted as a *tete-de-pont* for the bridge that was thrown across the Schuylkill. Behind the front and before the second line the troops were ordered to build huts for winter-quarters. Fourteen feet by sixteen, of logs plastered with clay, these huts began to rise on every side. Placed in rows, each brigade by itself, they soon gave the camp the appearance of a little city. All day long the axe resounded among the hills, and the place was filled with the noise of hammering and the crash of falling trees. "I was there when the army first began to build huts," wrote Paine to Franklin. "They appeared to me like a family of beavers, every one busy; some carrying logs, others plastering them together. The whole was raised in a few days, and it is a curious collection of buildings in the true rustic order." The weather soon became intensely cold. The Schuylkill froze over and the roads were blocked with snow, but it was not until nearly the middle of January that the last hut was built and the army settled down into winter-quarters on the bare hill-sides. Long before that its sufferings had begun.

The trials which have made this place so famous arose chiefly from the incapacity of Congress. It is true that the country in the neighborhood of Philadelphia was wellnigh exhausted. An active campaign over a small extent of territory had drawn heavily on the resources of this part of Pennsylvania and the adjacent Jersey. Both forces had fed upon the country, and it was not so much disaffection (of which Washington wrote) as utter exhaustion, which made the farmers of the devastated region furnish so little to the army. Nor would it have been

human nature in them to have preferred the badly printed, often counterfeited, depreciated promise to pay of the Americans for the gold which the British had to offer. In spite of the efforts of McLane's and Lee's Light-Horse and the activity of Lacey, of the militia, the few supplies that were left went steadily to Philadelphia, and the patriot army remained in want. But the more distant States, North and South, could easily have fed and clothed a much more numerous army. That they did not was the fault of Congress. That body no longer contained the men who had made it famous in the years gone by. Franklin was in Paris, where John Adams was about to join him. Jay, Jefferson, Rutledge, Livingston, and Henry were employed at home. Hancock had resigned. Samuel Adams was absent in New England. Men much their inferiors had taken their places.

The period, inevitable in the history of revolutions, had arrived when men of the second rank come to the front. With the early leaders in the struggle had disappeared the foresight, the breadth of view, the loftiness of purpose, and the self-sacrificing spirit belonging only to great minds which had marked and honored the commencement of the struggle. A smaller mind had begun to rule, a narrower view to influence, a personal feeling to animate the members. Driven from Philadelphia, they were in a measure disheartened, and their pride touched in a tender spot. Incapable of the loftier sentiments which had moved their predecessors, they could not overcome a sense of their own importance, and the desire to magnify their office. Petty rivalries had sprung up among them, and sectional feeling, smothered in '74, '75, and '76, had taken breath again, and asserted itself with renewed vigor in the recent debates on the confederation. But if divided among themselves by petty jealousies, they were united in a greater jealousy of Washington and the army. They cannot be wholly blamed for this. Taught by history no less than by their own experience of the dangers of standing armies in a free state, and wanting in modern history the single example which we have in Washington of a successful military chief retiring voluntarily into private life, they judged the leader of their forces by themselves and the ordinary rules of human nature.

Their distrust was not unnatural nor wholly selfish, and must find some justification in the exceptional greatness of his character.

It was in vain that he called on them to dismiss their doubts and trust an army which had proved faithful. In vain he urged them to let their patriotism embrace, as his had learned to do, the whole country with an equal fervor. In vain he pointed out that want of organization in the army was due to want of union among them. They continued distrustful and unconvinced. In vain he asked for a single army, one and homogeneous. Congress insisted on thirteen distinct armies, each under the control of its particular State. The effect was disastrous. The *personnel* of the army was continually changing. Each State had its own rules, its own system of organization, its own plan of making enlistments. No two worked together,—the men's terms even expiring at the most delicate and critical times. Promotion was irregular and uncertain, and the sense of duty was impaired as that of responsibility grew less. Instead of an organized army, Washington commanded a disorganized mob. The extraordinary virtues of that great man might keep the men together, but there were some things which they could not do. Without an organized quartermaster's department the men could not be clothed or fed. At first mismanaged, this department became neglected. The warnings of Washington were disregarded, his appeals in vain. The troops began to want clothing soon after Brandywine. By November it was evident that they must keep the field without blankets, overcoats, or tents. At Whitemarsh they lay, half clad, on frozen ground. By the middle of December they were in want of the necessaries of life.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

"We are ordered to march over the river," writes Dr. Waldo, of Colonel Prentice's Connecticut Regiment, at Swedes' Ford, on December 12. "It snows—I'm sick—eat nothing—no whiskey—no baggage—Lord—Lord—Lord. Till sunrise crossing the river, cold and uncomfortable. I'm sick," he goes on two days after, in his diary, "discontented, and out of humor. Bad food—hard lodging—cold weather—fatigued—

nasty clothes—nasty cookery—smoked out of my senses—I can't endure it. Here comes a bowl of soup, sickish enough to make a Hector ill. Away with it, boy—I'll live like the chameleon, on air." On the 19th of December they reached Valley Forge. By the 21st even such a bowl of soup had become a luxury. "A general cry," notes Waldo again, "through the camp this evening: 'No meat, no meat.' The distant vales echoed back the melancholy sound: 'No meat, no meat.'" It was literally true. On the next day Washington wrote to the President of Congress: "I do not know from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure of supplies, arises, but unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line immediately this army must dissolve. I have done all in my power by remonstrating, by writing, by ordering the commissaries on this head from time to time, but without any good effect or obtaining more than a present scanty relief. Owing to this the march of the army has been delayed on more than one interesting occasion in the course of the present campaign; and had a body of the enemy crossed the Schuylkill this morning (as I had reason to expect from the intelligence I received at four o'clock last night), the divisions which I ordered to be in readiness to march and meet them could not have moved." Hardly was this written when the news did come that the enemy had come out to Darby, and the troops were ordered under arms. "Fighting," responded General Huntington when he got the order, "will be far preferable to starving. My brigade is out of provisions, nor can the commissary attain any meat." "Three days successively," added Varnum, of Rhode Island, "we have been without bread, two entirely without meat." It was impossible to stir. "And this," wrote Washington, in indignation, "brought forth the only commissary in camp, and with him this melancholy and alarming truth, that he had not a single hoof to slaughter and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour." "I am now convinced beyond a doubt that unless some great and capital change takes place in that line this army must inevitably be reduced to one of these three things,—starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence."

But no change was destined to take place for many suffering

weeks to come. The cold grew more and more intense, and provisions scarcer every day. Soon all were alike in want. "The colonels were often reduced to two rations, and sometimes to one. The army frequently remained whole days without provisions," is the testimony of Lafayette. "We have lately been in an alarming state for want of provisions," says Colonel Laurens, on the 21st of February. "The army has been in great distress since you left," wrote Greene to Knox five days afterwards; "the troops are getting naked. They were seven days without meat, and several days without bread. . . . We are still in danger of starving. Hundreds of horses have already starved to death." The painful testimony is full and uncontradictory. "Several brigades," wrote Adjutant-General Scammel to Timothy Pickering, early in February, "have been without their allowance of meat. This is the third day." "In yesterday's conference with the General," said the committee of Congress sent to report, writing on the 12th of February, "he informed us that some brigades had been four days without meat, and that even the common soldiers had been at his quarters to make known their wants. Should the enemy attack the camp successfully, your artillery would inevitably fall into their hands for want of horses to remove it. But these are smaller and tolerable evils when compared with the imminent danger of your troops perishing with famine or dispersing in search of food." "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp," writes Hamilton to Clinton; "a part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days."

Famished for want of food, they were no better off for clothes. The unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything. "They had neither coats, hats, shirts, nor shoes," wrote the Marquis de Lafayette. "The men," said Baron Steuben, "were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word." "'Tis a melancholy consideration," were the words of Pickering, "that hundreds of our men are unfit for duty only for want of clothes and shoes." Hear Washington himself on the 23d of December: "We have (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farm-houses

on the same account), by a field return, this day made, no less than two thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. Our numbers since the 4th instant from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, numbers having been obliged for want of blankets to sit up all night by fires instead of taking rest in a natural and common way, have decreased two thousand men." By the 1st of February that number had grown to four thousand, and there were fit for duty but five thousand and twelve, or one-half the men in camp. "So," in the words of the Hebrew prophet, "they labored in the work, and half of them held the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared."

NAKED AND STARVING.

Naked and starving in an unusually rigorous winter, they fell sick by hundreds. "From want of clothes their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was necessary to amputate them." "Through a want of straw or materials to raise them from the wet earth" (I quote again from the committee of Congress) "sickness and mortality have spread through their quarters to an astonishing degree. The smallpox has broken out. Notwithstanding the diligence of the physicians and surgeons, the sick and dead list has increased one-third in the last week's return, which was one-third greater than the preceding, and from the present inclement weather will probably increase in a much greater proportion." Well might Washington exclaim, "Our sick naked, our well naked, our unfortunate men in captivity naked! Our difficulties and distresses are certainly great, and such as wound the feelings of humanity." Nor was this all. What many had to endure beside, let Dr. Waldo tell: "When the officer has been fatiguing through wet and cold, and returns to his tent to find a letter from his wife filled with the most heart-aching complaints a woman is capable of writing, acquainting him with the incredible difficulty with which she procures a little bread for herself and children; that her money is of very little consequence to her,—concluding with expressions bordering on despair of getting sufficient food to keep soul and body together through the winter, and beg-

ging him to consider that charity begins at home, and not suffer his family to perish with want in the midst of plenty,—what man is there whose soul would not shrink within him? Who would not be disheartened from persevering in the best of causes—the cause of his country—when such discouragements as these lie in his way which his country might remedy if it would?"

Listen to his description of the common soldier: "See the poor soldier when in health. With what cheerfulness he meets his foes and encounters every hardship. If barefoot, he labors thro' the mud and cold with a song in his mouth, extolling war and Washington. If his food be bad he eats it notwithstanding with seeming content, blesses God for a good stomach, and whistles it into digestion. But harkee! Patience a moment! There comes a soldier and cries with an air of wretchedness and despair, 'I'm sick; my feet lame; my legs are sore; my body covered with this tormenting itch; my clothes are worn out; my constitution is broken; my former activity is exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and cold; I fail fast; I shall soon be no more! And all the reward I shall get will be, 'Poor Will is dead!'" And in the midst of this they persevered! Freezing, starving, dying, rather than desert their flag they saw their loved ones suffer, but kept the faith. And the American yeoman of the Revolution remaining faithful through that winter is as splendid an example of devotion to duty as that which the pitying ashes of Vesuvius have preserved through eighteen centuries in the figure of the Roman soldier standing at his post, unmoved amid all the horrors of Pompeii. "The Guard die, but never surrender," was the phrase invented for Cambronne. "My comrades freeze and starve, but they never forsake me," might be put into the mouth of Washington.

"Naked and starving as they are," writes one of their officers, "one cannot sufficiently admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers that have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and desertion." "Nothing can equal their sufferings," says the committee, "except the patience and fortitude with which they bear them." Greene's account to Knox is touching: "Such patience and moderation as they manifested under their sufferings does the highest honor

to the magnanimity of the American soldiers. The seventh day they came before their superior officers and told their sufferings as if they had been humble petitioners for special favors. They added that it would be impossible to continue in camp any longer without support." In March, Thomas Wharton wrote in the name of Pennsylvania: "The unparalleled patience and magnanimity with which the army under your Excellency's command have endured the hardships attending their situation, unsupplied as they have been through an uncommonly severe winter, is an honor which posterity will consider as more illustrious than could have been derived to them by a victory obtained by any sudden and vigorous exertion." "I would cherish these dear, ragged Continentals, whose patience will be the admiration of future ages, and glory in bleeding with them," cried John Laurens in the enthusiasm of youth. "The patience and endurance of both soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment seemed to renew," said Lafayette in his old age. But the noblest tribute comes from the pen of him who knew them best: "Without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth, it may be said that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. To see men without clothes to cover their nakedness, without blankets to lie upon, without shoes (for the want of which their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet), and almost as often without provisions as with them, marching through the frost and snow, and at Christmas taking up their winter-quarters within a day's march of the enemy without a house or a hut to cover them till they could be built, and submitting without a murmur, is a proof of patience and obedience which in my opinion can scarce be paralleled." Such was Washington's opinion of the soldiers of Valley Forge.

HOLY GROUND.

Americans, who have gathered on the broad bosom of these hills to-day, if heroic deeds can consecrate a spot of earth, if the living be still sensible of the example of the dead, if courage be yet a common virtue and patience in suffering be still honorable in your sight, if freedom be any longer precious and

faith in humanity be not banished from among you, if love of country still find a refuge among the hearts of men, "take your shoes from off your feet, for the place on which you stand is holy ground."

And who are the leaders of the men whose heroism can sanctify a place like this? Descend the hill and wander through the camp. The weather is intensely cold and the smoke hangs above the huts. On the plain behind the front line a few general officers are grouped about a squad whom the new inspector, the German baron, is teaching some manœuvre. Bodies of men here and there are dragging wagons up-hill (for the horses have starved to death) or carrying fuel for fires, without which the troops would freeze. The huts are deserted save by the sick or naked, and as you pass along the street a poor fellow peeps out at the door of one and cries, "No bread, no soldier!"

THE TROOPS AND THEIR LEADERS.

These are the huts of Huntington's brigade, of the Connecticut line; next to it those of Pennsylvanians under Conway. This is the Irish-Frenchman soon to disappear in a disgraceful intrigue. Here in camp there are many who whisper that he is a mere adventurer, but in Congress they still think him "a great military character." Down towards headquarters are the Southerners, commanded by Lachlin McIntosh, in his youth "the handsomest man in Georgia." Beyond Conway, on the hill, is Maxwell, a gallant Irishman, commissioned by New Jersey. Woodford, of Virginia, commands on the right of the second line, and in front of him the Virginian Scott. The next brigade in order is of Pennsylvanians,—many of them men whose homes are in this neighborhood,—Chester County boys and Quakers from the valley turned soldier for their country's sake. They are the children of three races: the hot Irish blood mixes with the colder Dutch in their calm English veins, and some of them—their chief, for instance—are splendid fighters. There he is at this moment riding up the hill from his quarters in the valley. A man of medium height and strong frame, he sits his horse well and with a dashing air. His nose is prominent, his eye piercing, his complexion ruddy, his whole appearance that of a man of splendid health and flowing spirits. He

is just the fellow to win by his headlong valor the nickname of "The Mad." But he is more than a mere fighter. Skilful, energetic, full of resources and presence of mind, quick to comprehend and prompt to act, of sound judgment and extraordinary courage, he has in him the qualities of a great general, as he shall show many a time in his short life of one-and-fifty years. Pennsylvania, after her quiet fashion, may not make as much of his fame as it deserves, but impartial history will allow her none the less the honor of having given its most brilliant soldier to the Revolution in her Anthony Wayne. Poor, of New Hampshire, is encamped next, and then Glover, whose regiment of Marblehead sailors and fishermen manned the boats that saved the army on the night of the retreat from Long Island. Learned, Patterson, and Weedon follow, and then at the corner of the intrenchments by the river is the Virginian brigade of Muhlenberg. Born at the Trappe, close by, and educated abroad, Muhlenberg was a clergyman in Virginia when the war came on, but he has doffed his parson's gown forever for the buff and blue of a brigadier. His stalwart form and swarthy face are already as familiar to the enemy as they are to his own men, for the Hessians are said to have cried, "Hier kommt teufel Pete!" as they saw him lead a charge at Brandywine. The last brigade is stationed on the river-bank, where Varnum and his Rhode Islanders, in sympathy with young Laurens, of Carolina, are busy with a scheme to raise and enlist regiments of negro troops. These are the commanders of brigades. The major-generals are seven,—portly William Alexander, of New York, who claims to be the Earl of Stirling, but can fight for a republic bravely nevertheless; swarthy John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, a little headstrong but brave as a lion; Steuben, the Prussian martinet, who has just come to teach the army; De Kalb,—self-sacrificing and generous De Kalb,—whose honest breast shall soon bear eleven mortal wounds received in the service of America; Lafayette, tall, with auburn hair,—the French boy of twenty with an old man's head,—just recovering from the wounds of Brandywine; and last and greatest of them all, Nathaniel Greene, the Quaker blacksmith from Rhode Island, in all great qualities second only to the Chief himself. Yonder is Henry Knox, of the artillery, as brave and faithful as he is

big and burly, and the Pole, Pulaski, a man "of middle stature, of sharp countenance and lively air." Here are the Frenchmen, Duportail, Dubryson, Duplessis, and Duponceau. Here are Timothy Pickering and Light-Horse Harry Lee, destined to be famous in Senate, Cabinet, and field. Here are Henry Dearborn and William Hull, whose paths in life shall one day cross again, and John Laurens and Tench Tilghman, those models of accomplished manhood, destined so soon to die!

Does that silent boy of twenty, who has just ridden by with a message from Lord Stirling, imagine that one day the doctrine which shall keep the American continent free from the touch of European politics shall be forever associated with the name of James Monroe? Does yonder tall, awkward youth, in the Third Virginia, who bore a musket so gallantly at Brandywine, dream, as he lies there shivering in his little hut on the slopes of Mount Joy, that in the not distant future it is he that shall build up the jurisprudence of a people, and after a life of usefulness and honor bequeath to them, in the fame of John Marshall, the precious example of a great and upright Judge? Two other youths are here,—both of small stature and lithe, active frame,—of the same rank and almost the same age, whose ambitious eyes alike look forward already to fame and power in law and politics. But not even his own aspiring spirit can foretell the splendid rise, the dizzy elevation, and the sudden fall of Aaron Burr—nor can the other foresee that the time will never come when his countrymen will cease to admire the genius and lament the fate of Alexander Hamilton!

THE DARKEST HOUR.

And what shall I say of him who bears on his heart the weight of all? Who can measure the anxieties that afflict his mind? Who weigh the burdens that he has to bear? Who but himself can ever know the responsibilities that rest upon his soul? Behold him in yonder cottage, his lamp burning steadily through half the winter night, his brain never at rest, his hand always busy, his pen ever at work; now counselling with Greene how to clothe and feed the troops, or with Steuben how to reorganize the service; now writing to Howe about exchanges, or to Livingston about the relief of prisoners, or to

Clinton about supplies, or to Congress about enlistments or promotions or finances or the French Alliance; opposing foolish and rash councils to-day, urging prompt and rigorous policies to-morrow; now calming the jealousy of Congress, now soothing the wounded pride of ill-used officers; now answering the complaints of the civil authority, and now those of the starving soldiers, whose sufferings he shares, and by his cheerful courage keeping up the hearts of both; repressing the zeal of friends to-day, and overcoming with steadfast rectitude the intrigues of enemies in Congress and in camp to-morrow; bearing criticism with patience and calumny with fortitude, and, lest his country should suffer, answering both only with plans for her defence, of which others are to reap the glory; guarding the long coast with ceaseless vigilance, and watching with sleepless eye a chance to strike the enemy in front a blow; a soldier subordinating the military to the civil power; a dictator as mindful of the rights of Tories as of the wrongs of Whigs; a statesman, commanding a revolutionary army; a patriot, forgetful of nothing but himself; this is he whose extraordinary virtues only have kept the army from disbanding and saved his country's cause. Modest in the midst of pride, wise in the midst of folly, calm in the midst of passion, cheerful in the midst of gloom, steadfast among the wavering, hopeful among the despondent, bold among the timid, prudent among the rash, generous among the selfish, true among the faithless, greatest among good men and best among the great,—such was George Washington at Valley Forge.

But the darkest hour of night is just before the day. In the middle of February Washington described the dreadful situation of the army and "the miserable prospects before it" as "more alarming" than can possibly be conceived, and as occasioning him more distress "than he had felt" since the commencement of the war. On the 23d of February he whom we call Baron Steuben rode into camp; on the 6th, Franklin signed the Treaty of Alliance at Versailles.

STEUBEN AND FRANKLIN.

Frederick William Augustus, Baron von Steuben, was a native of Magdeburg, in Prussia. Trained from early life to arms, he

had been Aide to the Great Frederick, Lieutenant-General to the Prince of Baden, Grand Marshal at the Court of one of the Hohenzollerns, and a Canon of the Church. A skilful soldier, a thorough disciplinarian, a gentleman of polished manners, a man of warm and generous heart, he had come in the prime of life and vigor to offer his services to the American people. None could have been more needed or more valuable at the time. Congress sent him to the camp, Washington quickly discerned his worth, and in a little time he was made Major-General and Inspector of the army. In an instant there was a change in that department. A discipline unknown before took possession of the camp. Beginning with a picked company of one hundred and twenty men, the Baron drilled them carefully himself on foot and musket in hand. These when they became proficient he made a model for others, and presently the whole camp had become a military school. Rising at three in the morning, he smoked a single pipe while his servant dressed his hair, drank one cup of coffee, and with his star of knighthood gleaming on his breast was on horseback at sunrise, and with or without his suite galloped to the parade. There all day he drilled the men, and at nightfall galloped back to the hut in which he made his quarters, to draw up regulations and draft instructions for the inspectors under him. And thus day after day, patient, careful, laborious, and persevering, in a few months he transformed this untrained yeomanry into a disciplined and effective army. There have been more brilliant services rendered to America than these, but few perhaps more valuable and worthier of remembrance. Knight of the Order of Fidelity, there have been more illustrious names than thine upon our lips to-day. Like many another who labored for us, our busy age has seemed to pass thee by. But here, at last, when, after a century, Americans gather to review their country's history, shall they recall thy unselfish services with gratitude, and thy memory with honor.

And surely at Valley Forge we must not forget what Franklin was doing for his country's cause in France. It was a happy thing for the Republican Idea that it had a distant continent for the place of its experiment. It was a fortunate thing for America that between her and her nearest European neigh-

bor lay a thousand leagues of sea. That distance—a very different matter from what it is to-day—made it at the same time difficult for England to overcome us, and safe for France to lend us aid. From an early period this alliance seemed to have been considered by the Cabinet of France. For several years secret negotiations had been going on, and in the fall of 1777 they became open and distinct, and the representatives of both nations came face to face. There was no sympathy between weak and feeble Louis and his crafty Ministers on the one side and the representatives of Democracy and Rebellion on the other,—nor had France any hopes of regaining her foothold on this continent. The desire of her rulers was simply to humiliate and injure England, and the revolution in America seemed to offer the chance. Doubtless they were influenced by the fact that the cause of America had become very popular with all classes of the French people, impressed to a remarkable degree with the character of Dr. Franklin, and stirred by the contagious and generous example of Lafayette. Nor was this popular feeling merely temporary or without foundation. Long familiar as he had been with despotism in both politics and religion, the Frenchman still retained within him a certain spirit of Liberty which was stronger than he knew. His sympathies naturally went out toward a distant people engaged in a gallant struggle against his hereditary enemies,—the English; but besides all that, there was in his heart something, he hardly knew what, that vibrated at the thought of a freedom for others, which he had hardly dreamed of and never known. Little did he or any of his rulers foresee what that something was. Little did France imagine, as she blew into a flame the spark of liberty beyond the sea, that there was that within her own dominions which in eleven years, catching the divine fire from the glowing West, would set herself and Europe in a blaze. Accordingly, after much doubt, delay, and intrigue, during which Franklin bore himself with rare ability and tact, treaties of amity, commerce, and alliance were prepared and signed. The independence of America was acknowledged and made the basis of alliance, and it was mutually agreed that neither nation should lay down its arms until England had conceded it. A fleet, an army, and munitions were promised by the King, and,

as a consequence, war was at once declared against Great Britain.

THE DAWN AT LAST.

We are accustomed to regard this as the turning-point in the Revolutionary struggle. And so it was. But neither the fleet of France nor her armies, gallant as they were, nor the supplies and means with which she furnished us, were as valuable to the cause of the struggling country as the moral effect, at home as well as abroad, of the alliance. Hopes that were built upon the skill of French sailors were soon dispelled, the expectation of large contingent armies was not to be fulfilled, but the news of the French alliance carried into every patriotic heart an assurance that never left it afterward, and kept aroused a spirit that henceforward grew stronger every year. Says the historian Bancroft: "The benefit then conferred on the United States was priceless. And so the flags of France and the United States went together into the field against Great Britain unsupported by any other government, yet with the good wishes of all the peoples of Europe." And so illustrious Franklin, the Philadelphia printer, earned the magnificent compliment that was paid him at the French Academy: "Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis."

And all the while, unconscious of the event, the winter days at Valley Forge dragged by, one after another, with sleet and slush and snow, with storms of wind, and ice and beating rain. The light-horse scoured the country, the pickets watched, the sentinels paced up and down, the men drilled and practised, and starved and froze and suffered, and at last the spring-time came, and with it stirring news. Greene was appointed Quartermaster-General on the 23d of March, and under his skilful management relief and succor came. The conciliatory bills, offering all but independence, were received in April, and instantly rejected by Congress, under the stirring influence of a letter from Washington, declaring with earnestness that "nothing short of independence would do," and at last, on the 4th of May, at eleven o'clock at night, the news of the French treaty reached the headquarters.

On the 6th, by general orders, the army, after appropriate religious services, was drawn up under arms, salutes were fired

with cannon and musketry, cheers given by the soldiers for the King of France and the American States, and a banquet by the General-in-Chief to all the officers in the open air completed a day devoted to rejoicing. "And all the while," says the English satirist, "Howe left the famous camp of Valley Forge untouched, whilst his great, brave, and perfectly appointed army fiddled and gambled and feasted in Philadelphia. And by Byng's countrymen triumphal arches were erected, tournaments were held in pleasant mockery of the Middle Ages, and wreaths and garlands offered by beautiful ladies to this clement chief, with fantastical mottoes and poesies announcing that his laurels should be immortal." On the 18th of May (the day of that famous festivity) Lafayette took post at Barren Hill, from which he escaped so brilliantly two days afterwards. At last, on the 18th of June, George Roberts, of Philadelphia, came galloping up the Gulf road covered with dust and sweat, with the news that the British had evacuated Philadelphia. Six brigades were at once in motion,—the rest of the army prepared to follow with all possible despatch early on the 19th. The bridge across the Schuylkill was laden with tramping troops. Cannon rumbled rapidly down the road to the river. The scanty baggage was packed, the flag at headquarters taken down, the last brigade descended the river-bank, the huts were empty, the breastworks deserted, the army was off for Monmouth, and the hills of Valley Forge were left alone with their glory and their dead. The last foreign foe had left the soil of Pennsylvania forever. Yes, the last foreign foe! Who could foretell the mysteries of the future? Who foresee the trials that were yet to come? Little did the sons of New England and the South, who starved and froze and died here in the snow together, think, as their eyes beheld for the last time the little flag that meant for them a common country, that the time would come when, amid sound of cannon, their children, met again on Pennsylvania soil, would confront each other in the splendid agony of battle! Sorrow was their portion, but it was not given them to suffer this. It was theirs to die in the gloomiest period of their country's history, but certain that her salvation was assured. It was theirs to go down into the grave rejoicing in the belief that their lives were sacrifice enough,

blessedly unconscious that the liberty for which they struggled demanded that three hundred thousand of their children should with equal courage and devotion lay down their lives in its defence. Happy alike they who died before that time and we who have survived it! And, thank God this day, that its shadow has passed away forever. The sins of the fathers visited upon the children have been washed away in blood,—the sacrifice has been accepted,—the expiation has been complete. The men of North and South whose bones moulder on these historic hill-sides did not die in vain. The institutions which they gave us we preserve,—the freedom for which they fought is still our birthright,—the flag under which they died floats above our heads on this anniversary, the emblem of a redeemed, regenerate, reunited country. The Union of these States still stands secure. Enemies within and foes without have failed to break it, and the spirit of faction, from whatever quarter or in whatever cause, can no more burst its holy bonds asunder than can we separate in this sacred soil the dust of Massachusetts and that of Carolina from that Pennsylvania dust in whose embrace it has slumbered for a century, and with which it must forever be indistinguishably mingled.

THE GLORY OF VALLEY FORGE.

Such, then, is the history of this famous place. To my mind it has a glory all its own. The actions which have made it famous stand by themselves. It is not simply because they are heroic. Brave deeds have sanctified innumerable places in every land. The men of our revolution were not more brave than their French allies, or their German cousins, or their English brethren. Courage belongs alike to all men. Nor were they the only men in history who suffered. Others have borne trial as bravely, endured with the same patience, died with as perfect a devotion. But it is not given to all men to die in the best of causes or win the greatest victories. It was the rare fortune of those who were assembled here one hundred years ago that, having in their keeping the most momentous things that were ever intrusted to a people, they were at once both faithful and victorious. The army that was encamped here was but a handful, but what host ever defended so much? And what spot of earth

has had a farther reaching and happier influence on the human race than this?

Is it that which the traveller beholds when from Pentelicus he looks down on Marathon? The life of Athens was short, and the liberty which was saved on that immortal field she gave up ingloriously more than twenty centuries ago. The tyranny she resisted so gallantly from without she practised cruelly at home. The sword which she wielded so well in her own defence she turned as readily against her children. Her civilization, brilliant as it was, was narrow, and her spirit selfish. The boundaries of her tiny state were larger than her heart, whose sympathy could not include more than a part of her own kindred. Her aspirations were pent up in herself, and she stands in history to-day a prodigy of short-lived splendor,—a warning rather than example. Is it any one of those, where the men of the forest cantons fell on the invader like an avalanche from their native Alps and crushed him out of existence? The bravery of the Swiss achieved only a sterile independence, which his native mountains defended as well as he, and he tarnished his glory forever when the sword of Morgarten was hawked about the courts of Europe, and the victor of Grandson and Morat sold himself to the foreign shambles of the highest bidder.

VALLEY FORGE AND WATERLOO.

Or is it that still more famous field, where the Belgian lion keeps guard over the dead of three great nations? There, three-and-sixty years ago yesterday, the armies of Europe met in conflict. It was the war of giants. On the one side England, the first power of the age, flushed with victory, of inexhaustible resources, redoubtable by land and invincible by sea, and Prussia, vigorous by nature, strong by adversity, hardened by suffering, full of bitter memories and hungry for revenge, and on the other France, once mistress of the Continent, the arbiter of nations, the conquerer of Wagram and Marengo and Friedland and Austerlitz,—spent at last in her own service, crushed rather by the weight of her victories than by the power of her enemies' arm,—turning in her bloody footsteps, like a wounded lion, to spring with redoubled fury at the throat of her pursuers.

Behold the conflict as it raged through the long June day, while all the world listened and held its breath!

The long lines of red, the advancing columns of blue, the glitter of burnished steel, the roll of drums, the clangor of trumpets, the cheering of men, the fierce attack, the stubborn resistance, the slow recoil, the rattle of musketry, the renewed assault, the crash of arms, the roar of cannons, the clatter of the charging cavalry, the cries of the combatants, the clash of sabres, the shrieks of the dying, the confused retreat, the gallant rally, the final charge, the sickening repulse, the last struggle, the shouts of the victors, the screams of the vanquished, the wild confusion, the blinding smoke, the awful uproar, the unspeakable rout, the furious pursuit, the sounds fading in the distance, the groans of the wounded, the falling of the summer rain, the sighing of the evening breeze, the solemn silence of the night. Climb the steps that lead to the summit of the mound that marks that place to-day. There is no spot in Europe more famous than the field beneath your feet. In outward aspect it is not unlike this which we behold here. The hills are not so high nor the valleys so deep, but the general effect of field and farm, of ripening grain and emerald woodland, is much the same. It has not been changed. There is the château of Houguomont on the west, and the forest through which the Prussians came on the east; on yonder hill the Emperor watched the battle; beneath you Ney made the last of many charges,—the world knows it all by heart. The traveller of every race turns toward it his footsteps. It is the most celebrated battle-field of Europe and of modern times.

But what did that great victory accomplish? It broke the power of one nation and asserted the independence of the rest. It took from France an Emperor and gave her back a King, a ruler whom she had rejected in place of one whom she had chosen, a Bourbon for a Bonaparte, a King by Divine right for an Emperor by the people's will. It revenged the memory of Jena and Corunna, and broke the spell that made the fated name Napoleon the bond of an empire almost universal; it struck down one great man and fixed a dozen small ones on the neck of Europe. But what did it bequeath to us beside

the ever-precious example of heroic deeds? Nothing. What did they who conquered there achieve? Fame for themselves, woe for the vanquished, glory for England, revenge for Prussia, shame for France, nothing for humanity, nothing for liberty, nothing for civilization, nothing for the rights of man. One of the great Englishmen of that day declared that it had turned back the hands on the dial of the world's progress for fifty years. And, said an English poetess,—

> The Kings crept out again to feel the sun,
> The Kings crept out—the peoples sat at home,
> And finding the long-invocated peace,
> A pall embroidered with worn images
> Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom
> Such as they suffered—curst the corn that grew
> Rankly to bitter bread on Waterloo.

My countrymen:—For a century the eyes of struggling nations have turned towards this spot, and lips in every language have blessed the memory of Valley Forge! The tide of battle never ebbed and flowed upon these banks; these hills never trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons nor echoed the thunders of contending cannon. The blood that stained this ground did not rush forth in the joyous frenzy of the fight; it fell drop by drop from the heart of a suffering people. They who once encamped here in the snow fought not for conquest, not for power, not for glory, not for their country only, not for themselves alone. They served here for posterity; they suffered here for the human race; they bore here the cross of all the peoples; they died here that freedom might be the heritage of all. It was humanity which they defended; it was Liberty herself whom they had in keeping,—she that was sought in the wilderness and mourned for by the waters of Babylon,—that was saved at Salamis and thrown away at Chæronea,—that was fought for at Cannæ and lost forever at Pharsalia and Philippi,—she who confronted the Armada on the deck with Howard and rode beside Cromwell on the field of Worcester,—for whom the Swiss gathered into his breast the sheaf of spears at Sempach and the Dutchman broke the dykes of Holland and welcomed in the sea,—she of whom Socrates spoke and Plato wrote and Brutus dreamed and Homer sung,

—for whom Eliot pled and Sydney suffered and Milton prayed and Hampden fell! Driven by the persecutions of centuries from the older world, she had come with Pilgrim and Puritan and Cavalier and Quaker to seek a shelter in the new. Attacked once more by her old enemies, she had taken refuge here. Nor she alone. The dream of the Greek, the Hebrew's prophecy, the desire of the Roman, the Italian's prayer, the longing of the German mind, the hope of the French heart, the glory and honor of Old England herself, the yearning of all the centuries, the aspiration of every age, the promise of the past, the fulfilment of the future, the seed of the old time, the harvest of the new,—all these were with her. And here, in the heart of America, they were safe. The last of many struggles was almost won; the best of many centuries was about to break; the time was already come when from these shores the light of a new civilization should flash across the sea, and from this place a voice of triumph make the Old World tremble, when, from her chosen refuge in the West, the spirit of liberty should go forth to meet the rising sun and set the people free!

A HUNDRED YEARS.

Americans:—A hundred years have passed away, and that civilization and that liberty are still your heritage. But think not that such an inheritance can be kept safe without exertion. It is the burden of your happiness that with it privilege and duty go hand-in-hand together. You cannot shirk the present and enjoy in the future the blessings of the past. Yesterday begot to-day, and to-day is the parent of to-morrow. The old time may be secure, but the new time is uncertain. The dead are safe; it is the privilege of the living to be in peril. A country is benefited by great actions only so long as her children are able to repeat them. The memory of this spot shall be an everlasting honor for our fathers, but we can make it an eternal shame for ourselves if we choose to do so. The glory of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Valley Forge belongs not to you and me, but we can make it ours if we will. It is well for us to keep these anniversaries of great events; it is well for us to meet by thousands on these historic spots; it is well to walk by those unknown graves and follow the

windings of the breastworks that encircle yonder hill; it is well for us to gather beneath yon little fort, which the storms of so many winters have tenderly spared to look down on us to-day; it is well to commemorate the past with song and eulogy and pleasant festival,—but it is not enough.

If they could return whose forms have been passing in imagination before our eyes; if in the presence of this holy hour the dead could rise and lips dumb for a century find again a tongue, might they not say to us: You do well, countrymen, to commemorate this time; you do well to honor those who yielded up their lives in glory here. Theirs was a perfect sacrifice, and the debt you owe them you can never pay. Your lines have fallen in a happier time. The boundaries of your Union stretch from sea to sea. You enjoy all the blessings which Providence can bestow,—a peace we never knew, a wealth we never hoped for, a power of which we never dreamed. Yet think not that these things only can make a nation great. We laid the foundation of your happiness in a time of trouble, in days of sorrow and perplexity, of doubt, distress, and danger, of cold and hunger, of suffering and want. We built it up by virtue, by courage, by self-sacrifice, by unfailing patriotism, by unceasing vigilance. By those things alone did we win your liberties; by them only can you hope to keep them. Do you revere our names? Then follow our example. Are you proud of our achievements? Then try to imitate them. Do you honor our memories? Then do as we have done. You owe something to America better than all those things which you spread before her with such lavish hand,—something which she needs as much in her prosperity to-day as ever in the sharpest crisis of her fate,—yourselves! For you have duties to perform as well as we. It was ours to create; it is yours to preserve. It was ours to found; it is yours to perpetuate. It was ours to organize; it is yours to purify! And what nobler spectacle can you present to mankind to-day than that of a people honest, steadfast, and secure,—mindful of the lessons of experience,—true to the teachings of history,—led by the loftiest examples, and bound together to protect their institutions at the close of the century, as their fathers were to win them at the beginning, by the ties of "Virtue, Honor, and Love of Country,"—by that

virtue which makes perfect the happiness of a people,—by that honor which constitutes the chief greatness of a State,—by that patriotism which survives all things, braves all things, endures all things, achieves all things, and which, though it find a refuge nowhere else, should live in the heart of every true American?

My countrymen:—The century that has gone by has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt,—no region too remote,—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets, and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens! He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature; he has made the fire his steed; the winds his ministers; the seas his pathway; the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished. And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than

this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed for us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter it. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on, and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the Shadow of that Death out of which the Life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that to them Union will seem as dear, and Liberty as sweet, and Progress as glorious as they were to our fathers, and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

DEDICATION.

At the meeting of the "Centennial Association of Valley Forge," held Feb. 22, 1878, the committee on "Memorial Design and Erection" reported in favor of purchasing the house in which General George Washington had his headquarters during the encampment at Valley Forge, and suggested a plan to raise the necessary funds to secure the property. This plan was the appointment of a Lady Regent, who could call to her aid as many Vice-Regents as she might in her discretion deem best. This report was favorably received, and at the next meeting Mrs. Anna M. Holstein was selected to fill the position of Lady Regent.

Mrs. Holstein, from the time of her appointment to this important position, worked arduously, and associated with herself a number of energetic and patriotic ladies in different sections of the State and nation.

The courts of Montgomery County, upon the necessary application having been made, granted a charter to the "Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge" on the 5th day of July, 1878. The work of the ladies was crowned with success, and on the 10th day of May, 1879, the sum of three thousand dollars was paid, being half of the consideration money, and the title passed to the association. At once preparations were made for the dedication of the building, and the old association again volunteered to aid and assist the ladies in their laudable efforts. A committee of three, consisting of Colonel N. M. Ellis, A. S. Hallman, and J. P. Hale Jenkins, was appointed to confer with Michael Nesbit, Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Pennsylvania, to procure their services in the laying of the corner-stone. Mr. Nesbit at once gave his hearty consent, and the most pleasant feature of the 19th of June, 1879, was the laying of the corner-stone by that fraternity of whom Washington and Lafayette were members.

Another feature of this day was the rifle match for the gold medal offered by the association. Six teams competed for the prize, the victorious team being the Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia.

The Sixth Regiment N. G. P. were on the grounds, having volunteered to do guard duty, and were under the command of Major H. S. Smith, General W. J. Bolton being the chief-marshal for the day.

The morning of the 19th of June, 1879, was clear, and gave promise of the beautiful day that followed. At sunrise a section of the Griffin Battery had taken their position on the grounds, and waked the country round about with their morning-gun. The tents of the soldiery and riflemen shone clear in the bright June sun, and moving people at early dawn gave promise of the crowd which afterward thronged the old hills. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company again showed their interest and solicitude in the welfare of the enterprise, and by judicious management unloaded thousands at the grounds. A fair estimate fixed the number at one-fourth the crowd of last year.

Until ten o'clock the assembling multitude loitered around the building, the centre of attractions, being handsomely decorated with the national emblems. Every one desired to see the room in which the headquarters were kept; all desired to see the private receptacle used by Washington for his papers, and extreme good feeling prevailed.

As the hour of ten drew near, the railroad approaches were watched, and a few minutes after the arrival of the special train from Philadelphia the Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Pennsylvania, with his array of assistants, at once proceeded to perform the impressive ceremonies, the celebration of which had called the multitude together. The ceremony was as follows:

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The Right Worshipful Grand Master directed the Grand Officers to take their appropriate stations and places.

The President of the Association presided.

The Grand Marshal proclaimed

Silence! Silence! Silence!

(The Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master then addressed the Right Worshipful Grand Master:)

Right Worshipful Sir,—The Valley Forge Centennial and Memorial Association has requested you to perform the ceremony of laying a Corner-Stone. The necessary arrangements having been made, I have now the pleasure to present to you the President of the Association.

(The President addressed the Right Worshipful Grand Master:)

Right Worshipful Sir,—The Committee charged with the duty of preparing the Corner-Stone have completed their labors, and it is now ready to be laid.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master replied.)

Mr. President,—Thanking the Association represented by you for the honor paid the Craft, in the invitation to the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania to lay the Corner-Stone, we shall now proceed to perform that duty, according to our ancient usages and customs.

(Invocation by the Grand Chaplain:)

O, Thou Supreme Architect of the Universe, in Thy name we assemble upon this day, and we lift our hands and our hearts unto Thee, O Creator and Father. Deign to look upon us from the throne of Thy majesty, even upon us, the unworthy supplicants of Thy favor. Thou hast taught us to look unto Thee in the undertakings of life; to count upon Thy help "in every laudable enterprise." We invoke Thy presence. We invoke Thy blessing upon the work of our hands to-day.

We beseech Thee, our God, let Thy blessing continue upon our nation and Commonwealth. Bless the President of these United States, the Governor of this great State, the Legislative and Judicial officers of the land and nation, and all who are united with them in authority. May they all be men of God, in whom Thou canst find delight, and by whom Thou wilt bring upon the people great prosperity.

And now, O Great Architect of the Universe, remember Thy servants who have been called to the performance of the important duties now devolving upon them. Lend Thine aid and bestow Thy benediction upon the Association at whose instance the ceremonies of this day are to be performed.

O, Thou Sovereign Architect of the Universe, have respect unto the prayer of Thy servant, and to his supplication, and enkindle, we beseech Thee, in our hearts a flame of true devotion and reverence for Thee, brotherly kindness to each other, and charity to all mankind.

And to Thee, the one only living and true God, we will ascribe all power and majesty and dominion now and evermore, world without end. Amen.

(Response by the brethren:)

Amen. So mote it be. Amen.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master then directed the Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer to place the documents, coins, and other valuable articles in the Corner-Stone.

The Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer having deposited the articles in the box placed in the cavity of the Corner-Stone, addressed the Right Worshipful Grand Master:)

Right Worshipful Sir,—The coins and other valuable presents set apart to be placed in the Corner-Stone, are now duly deposited there; and your directions have been faithfully obeyed.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master then directed the Right Worshipful Grand Secretary to read a list of the articles so deposited.)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master then addressed the Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master:)

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master,—It is my will and pleasure that the Corner-Stone be now laid. You will announce the same to the Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, that he may announce it to the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, with directions to proclaim the same to the brethren, that all present may govern themselves accordingly.

(The Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master then addressed the Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden:)

Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden,—It is the Right Worshipful Grand Master's will and pleasure that the Corner-Stone be now laid. You will announce the same to the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, with directions to proclaim the same to the brethren, that all present may govern themselves accordingly.

(The Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden then addressed the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden:)

Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden,—It is the Right Worshipful Grand Master's will and pleasure that the Corner-Stone be now laid. You will proclaim the same to the brethren, that all present may govern themselves accordingly.

(The Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden proclaimed:)

Brethren,—Take notice, it is the Right Worshipful Grand Master's will and pleasure that the Corner-Stone be now laid. You will therefore govern yourselves accordingly.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master then addressed the Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master:)

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master,—You will see that the Craftsmen have well and truly prepared the Corner-Stone to be laid by me.

(The Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master then proceeded to the stone, taking with him the square, tested it, and tried it, returned to his station, and said:)

Right Worshipful Grand Master,—I find the Corner-Stone Tried and True, Trusty and Square, and that the Craftsmen have worked well.

(The Right Worshipful Grand Master then said:)

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, and Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden,—You will proceed to the Corner-Stone, while the workmen and laborers are laying it in its proper position, at the northeast angle of the building: you will try it with the Plumb, Level, and Square, and report to us if it is well and duly prepared.

(The Grand Officers proceeded as directed.)

The Corner-Stone was then placed in its proper position.

(The Junior Grand Warden tried it with the plumb, and said:)

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master,—I find the Corner-Stone Plumb: and returned to his station.

(The Senior Grand Warden tried it with the level, and said:)

Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master,—I find the Corner-Stone Level: and returned to his station.

(The Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master tried it with the square, return to his station, and said:)

Right Worshipful Grand Master,—I find the Corner-Stone to be Plumb, Level, and Square, and that the Grand Officers have approved the work.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

(The Senior and Junior Grand Deacons then proceeded to the Corner-Stone, the Senior Grand Deacon carrying the gavel, and the Junior Grand Deacon carrying the trowel.

The Right Worshipful Grand Master, preceded by the Grand Marshal and the Grand Sword-Bearer, then proceeded to the Corner-Stone, taking the trowel from the Junior Grand Deacon, and having spread the cement, the covering stone was fixed in its place by the workmen. He then took the gavel from the Senior Grand Deacon, and striking the Corner-Stone three times therewith, returned to his station. The other Grand Officers returned to their places. The Grand Master then said:)

We, Michael Nisbet, Grand Master of Masons in Pennsylvania and Masonic jurisdiction thereunto belonging, declare the Corner-Stone of this building, formerly occupied by our Brother George Washington, and to be maintained with its land and improvements thereon as a Memorial Park for all time to come, duly laid according to the Ancient Usages, Customs, and Landmarks of Freemasonry, and may the Great Architect of Heaven and Earth bless his work, and make it memorable to the latest generations!

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

(The Grand Stewards then proceeded to the Corner-Stone, one bearing the vessel containing the Corn, the other the vessels containing the Wine and Oil.

The Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, with the Right Worshipful Grand Wardens, then proceeded to the Corner-Stone, and the Grand Steward, presenting to the Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master the vessel containing the Corn, he dropped the corn on the stone, and said:)

May plenty be showered down on the people of this ancient Commonwealth, and may the labors of the Craft be refreshed by the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift!

(The Grand Steward then presented the Wine to the Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, who poured it on the stone, and said:)

May the health of the Craftsmen employed by this Association be preserved to them, and may the Supreme Architect bless and prosper their labors!

(The Grand Steward then presented the Oil to the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, who dropped oil on the stone, and said:)

May the Supreme Ruler of the World vouchsafe unity, peace, and prosperity to the people of Pennsylvania, and to the nations of the earth; preserve and protect the Fraternity of Freemasons; make the virtues of the Craft a lesson to the world, and the labors of the Craftsmen easy, and their burdens light!

(The Grand Officers then returned to their stations and places.)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

(The Grand Marshal then proclaimed:)

Silence! Silence! Silence!

Brethren,—Take notice, that Brother Michael Nisbet, Right Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in Pennsylvania, and Masonic jurisdiction thereunto belonging, has this day, at this place, laid this Corner-Stone.

(Repeated three times, and after the third time added:)

Wisdom! Strength! Fraternity!

BENEDICTION BY THE GRAND CHAPLAIN.

"GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS" . . . . . Handel.

Upon the conclusion of the above ceremony, and while the gentlemen who took part therein were registering their names, the salute of the Griffin Battery called the people to the hill, where, on the picnic grounds, the Ringgold Cornet Band of Reading and the Valley Forge Chorus, under the leadership of Prof. Jno. O. K. Robarts, were enlivening the occasion by vocal and instrumental music. After a little delay, J. P. Hale Jenkins, Esq., announced the following organization:

President.—Hon. J. Smith Futhey.

Vice-Presidents.—Isaac W. Smith, Charles Hunsicker, M. S. Sellers, I. Heston Todd, N. M. Ellis, M. S. Longaker, Frederick Lane, Wm. M. Greiner, Jacob F. Quillman, B. K. Jamison, Isaac Hoyer, Joseph B. Hancock, Samuel Butler, Jas. G. McQuaide, Amos Gartside, and Stanley Lees.

Secretaries.—John W. Eckman, J. P. Hale Jenkins, Dr. David Schrack, Frank C. Hooten, F. S. Beerer, John Pugh, and Lewis H. Davis.

Upon taking the Chair, Judge Futhey said:

On the 19th of December, 1777, at the close of an unsuccessful campaign, the patriot army of the Revolution, foot-sore and weary, encamped upon these hills.

In the rude huts erected by them they remained during a winter which proved to be one of unusual severity, enduring untold suffering and privation. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. The British, flushed with victory, were revelling in plenty in the capital city, and considered the rebellion—as they termed it—substantially at an end.

The patriots had just suffered a reverse at Brandywine and at Germantown, and their hopes seemed crushed to the earth.

Yet amidst all their hardships and discouragements they had

faith that their cause was just, and firmly believed that it would eventually triumph. This belief sustained them in the severe trials to which they were subjected, and they patiently waited until they could enter anew upon the field of strife for the cause of freedom.

Their beloved commander, who saw, through the gloom which environed them, as in a vision, the brightness of the future, remained with them, cheering them by his presence, encouraging them with words of hope, sympathizing with them in their distresses, and, as far as it was in his power, relieving and alleviating their sufferings.

On the 19th of June, 1778, one hundred and one years ago to-day, they left these hills and with renewed energy entered upon the conflict which eventually ended in the establishment of the freedom of the colonies.

Yonder building, the habitation of Washington during those months of trial, has, in the providence of God, amidst the changes wrought by time, which have obliterated so many of the landmarks of the Revolution, been permitted to stand, and has to-day, after the lapse of over a century, been dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, a monument to the loyalty and devotion of the brave band of patriots who here, in cold and hunger, watched for the coming of the dawn of a better day. Let us indulge the hope that it may long remain,—a fountain to which the people of our beloved land may ever turn and drink inspiration from the memories with which it is associated, and which cluster around and about it.

Upon the conclusion of Judge Futhey's remarks, ex-Governor James Pollock was introduced as the orator of the day, he having kindly consented at the last moment to take the place of Senator James F. Bayard, of Delaware, who had been selected as the orator.

Ex-Governor Pollock spoke as follows:

My Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Wandering through the imperial palace of Versailles, the Doge of Genoa was asked by Louis XIV. of France what, amid all the magnificence and splendor that surrounded him,

most excited his wonder and admiration. He replied, "I admire all that I see; but the greatest wonder is to find myself here." Like the Doge of Genoa, I am surprised to find myself in this place and presence, before this immense audience, on such an occasion full of heroic memories, of thrilling incident, of suffering, sacrifice, and grand achievement. My wonder is only equalled by your surprise and disappointment. But let not the disappointment we all feel mar the memorial services of the hour, or check the emotions of patriotism that should now fill every loyal heart.

With our honored president, Judge Futhey, I regret the absence of Senator Bayard, who was announced to address you. He is not here; is absent unavoidably, official duties requiring his attendance at Washington. Although differing politically, there is no gentleman connected with the administration of our government for whom I entertain a higher personal regard. He stands above the ordinary politician,—a statesman, not a partisan,—a man whose convictions of duty lift him above party considerations; and who, in the presence of the American people, prompted by intelligent and conscientious convictions on important national questions, dares to say to partisan dictation and caucus decrees, "I will not obey. I cannot compromise my manhood by submission. I will act as duty may direct." I regret he is not here. As a scholar and orator he would have given you an address full of patriotic thought and sentiment, of the practical and the real, and worthy the object that brought us here.

I feel that I have been guilty of great temerity in accepting, and that conditionally, an invitation by telegraph, on two days' notice, to take (not fill) his place; and only on yesterday the final and positive notice that my services would be required was received.

In full sympathy with the "Valley Forge Centennial Memorial Association,"—feeling the inspiration that lives and moves amid these hills and valleys, springing from every hillock and mound and now deserted entrenchment,—rejoicing in all that has been accomplished for liberty and humanity, for American nationality and manhood, through trials and sufferings,—appreciating the patience and labor, the daring energy, and the unconquerable valor of the brave men who, "in the

time that tried men's souls," stood firm in defence of "the great and essential principles of liberty and free government;" who dared to do, and in doing won freedom for America, and stamped an immortality on their own names and made their praises glorious as their victories,—inspired by these feelings, duty and pleasure alike enforcing the request, I accepted the invitation, and am here.

I do not propose to entertain you with a profound oration —the creation of labored thought by the light of the midnight lamp. Time did not permit the preparation of such an address. What I utter now must be from the inspiration of the hour, intensified by the surroundings within our vision, and crowded with undying memories.

In the roll of ages we have reached the year Anno Domini 1879,—one century, and the initial year of the second, since Washington and his army, after a winter of suffering unparalleled in the history of military operations, after a season of depression, despondency, and despair, and after a triumphant enemy had waited for opportunity to crush the men who had written with their own blood on the snows of that fearful winter their devotion to the cause of their country, moved from these "Headquarters" and set in motion that grand series of victories that culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and the establishment of American Independence.

Then and *now!* How changed the scene! *Then*, thirteen States lately in confederation; now, thirty-eight States in union; *then*, three millions of population; *now*, fifty millions; THEN, the Atlantic on the east, and the Alleghanies on the west, were the boundary and bars of our country and its civilization; NOW, the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, the northern lakes and southern gulf measure our extent and limit our national sovereignty. *Then*, the broad, illimitable West, with its mighty rivers, ocean lakes, its mountains, and its prairies, was undiscovered, unknown; the wild Indian its inhabitant, his lodge its architecture, his wigwam its temple and dome; *now*, discovery, population, civilization have conquered this wild waste. The Rocky Mountains, with their fifteen hundred miles of base and fifteen thousand feet of height; the Sierra Nevadas, with their gigantic forms lifting their proud heads to the

heavens, their wondrous canyons, with their temples, domes, cathedrals, towers, and turrets carved by the hand of nature from the solid rock; the gold and silver of California and the Pacific coast; the prairies, with their millions of acres of fertile soil, yielding millions of bushels of wheat, corn, and other cereals; these, all these, and much more are within our knowledge, claim our attention, invite our industry and investigation, and make us in material wealth and territorial extent one of the first nations of the earth. But time would fail to tell our progress and advance: of knowledge progressive; of science aggressive; truth triumphant; of our government conservative and protective; of man as the citizen; as personally free and master of the State; as ruler and ruled; governing and governed by laws of his own making,—the will of the people the supreme law, our government being the embodiment of individual power and influence in the simple forms of our social and political order, compressed and expressed in our State and National constitutions.

Standing here to-day, proud of our advancing civilization and greatness, whilst rejoicing, let us not forget our obligation to the heroes of the past,—to those who "pledged and dared all to conquer and to save;" to those whose memories we honor; and, more than all, let us remember and acknowledge our gratitude and obligation to Him who sustained our forefathers in the midst of trial, suffering, and death,—to that "God who made and preserves us a nation."

And now—the past in memory around us; the present in the fulness of its advancing civilization ours; labor, art, science in happy union, giving energy to action, stimulating progress, and fostering yet grander achievements—shall I go back one hundred and one years, and call the roll of the heroes of Valley Forge?—of those who here formed part of the "Grand Army" of the Revolution; grand in fact, grand in results, grand in history? The roll! history has preserved it. Let me call it: "George Washington." No answer. Not here to-day. One hundred and one years ago, and the answer to that call, "Here!" would have echoed and re-echoed through and over these hills and plains. Washington is not here. His spirit is here, and yonder in a brighter world. Mount Vernon, in his beloved

Virginia, holds all that is mortal of one whose name and fame are immortal. Time, in ceaseless flow, may move on; nations rise and fall; tyrants may appear, rule with iron sceptres, bind their subjects in chains, be overthrown and perish; but the march of freedom is onward, freemen in command and in the ranks, freedom the inspiration, honor and truth the rule, our country's good the end; and heading the column, directing the march, and inspiring with energy and devotion his followers, is the man,—the name first called in this honored roll, "Washington,"—itself the epitome of unblemished honor and undying fame. Now let us call the other noble men, the friends and associates of Washington. "General Knox," "General Greene," "General Lee" (Light-Horse Harry Lee), Generals Sullivan, Armstrong, Smallwood, Warren, and Hamilton, brave men and true,—brave in the midst of famine, poverty, and distress; brave hearts in weary bodies, covered by ragged and soiled garments. Where are they? Let history answer, and let "a strong nation and people" do honor to their memory. And last, not least, General Wayne, our own "Mad Anthony,"—mad in and for the right; mad to defend the right; mad to lead the daring charge, the forlorn hope; mad to conquer his and his country's enemies; so mad he never knew defeat, never quailed before danger or feared an enemy. Such madness was true bravery, wisdom, and light in the gloom of that dark hour. Our time will not permit us to call the roll of every honored name. Their record is sure, their memory and fame have not perished.

There is another class of heroes, worthy of all honor and praise. Who and where are they? Not the men who bore commissions and wore the epaulets; not those whose names were sounded loudest in the trumpet of fame. No; these are not the heroes we now call. Where are the private soldiers, the rank and file, the aggregated strength of the army, the noble men who died unknown to fame, who sleep in unmarked graves? Unknown, but honored; their valor, worth, and work known and approved. Forever honored be the brave private soldier of those memorable years. If my voice could reach the graves in which you sleep, I would tell, in language eloquent for its truth, that your fame shall never perish nor your deeds of valor be forgotten, although your names be unknown

and your graves unmarked by stone or monument. America, in her freedom, nationality, and power, is your monument. Her people will forever honor your memory.

Valley Forge! Historic name, associated with the greatest names and noblest deeds of our country's history. Every acre, every inch of ground sacred, baptized with patriot blood and consecrated to freedom. How and why came Washington and his army here? Did he come flushed with the triumph of victory? Did he bring with him a conquered enemy? Had the "battle of the warrior, with its confused noise and garments rolled in blood," ceased? Oh, no! He came not victorious, but unconquered. He came in the full impulse of patriotism, as developed on battle-fields, not of victory, but defeat. He came after he had nobly attempted to save Philadelphia from her foes, and her citizens from threatened destruction. Clinton and Howe were in command of the forces of the enemy. Flushed with victory, and fearless of defeat, they followed the patriot army, resolved to crush both it and the hope of America for liberty and independence. Howe was now in Philadelphia. The battles of Brandywine and Germantown had been fought, grand in their results, although defeat was ours; and after the subsequent battle at White Marsh—a place of battle, but not of victory—Washington and his army came here, "cast down, but not destroyed; perplexed, but not forsaken;" hope painted on the clouds and in the darkness the rainbow of promise, and threw upon them the light of coming brighter days. Defeat does not always mean disaster and ruin,—an evil without a remedy. Lessons of wisdom, prudence, caution, with new and high resolve, are ofttimes learned in defeat. There was developed a military power and prowess at Germantown that encouraged the people and army, and fired them with new energy. Defeat rouses the brave and spurs them on to duty and to triumph. Brandywine and Germantown, both within our own borders and part of our good old Commonwealth, witnessed defeat, but to-day are monuments of victory, of energy developed and courage sustained; and although defeat followed the battle, victory has followed defeat. These battle-fields witnessed acts of heroism that perhaps no other battle-fields in our nation have ever surpassed, and demonstrated the endurance and invincible courage of the Continental soldiers.

The retreat to Valley Forge was a military necessity. December 11, 1777, Washington took possession of this place with the army, and occupied the stone house beyond us as his headquarters. The condition of the army during that memorable winter, as told in the recital of the sufferings and trials of officers and men, fills the heart with sadness, but intensifies our admiration of the patience, courage, and patriotism that enabled them to endure such great sorrows. Washington, full of sympathy for the suffering men, was often seen encouraging them by his presence and example, speaking kind words to and taking by the hand the private soldier whose blood stained the snow upon which his bleeding feet made their impress,—at once the evidence of pain and patience, of conscience and courage in the discharge of duty. Sympathy for the poor, the humble, and the suffering is not inconsistent with that nobility of soul that makes and marks true manhood. Washington was a man in the full significance of that term; and in the exercise of every manly virtue, in the overflowing of his sympathies for his suffering soldiers, for the poor and distressed, he gave to us and all who revere his name an example of true dignity in happy union with graceful simplicity.

What a lesson of patriotism and devotion to principle does Valley Forge and its suffering army of 1777–78 furnish us! Poverty and patriotism; rags and resolution; bold, determined men writing upon the snows and ice of winter as their parchment, in their own blood, their deeds of valor and renown! Heroic suffering in their country's cause made these men heroes. Valley Forge will forever be associated with Washington and his army,—the men who perilled all to make our country free, and triumphed in success.

To-day was re-laid, with impressive Masonic ceremonies, the corner-stone of "Washington's Headquarters." The old stone house, unchanged in appearance and arrangement, the same now as in 1778, is here. In it some of the old-time furniture used by Washington, the room in which his secret correspondence was carried on, and the chest in which it was kept, may yet be seen. The rooms in which the councils of war were held, and in which were planned the movements of the army in the coming campaigns, are there; and from which also he looked

through the gloom that surrounded him, and, with faith undimmed, saw the brightness of a better day dawning upon us. The vision was realized; despair gave place to hope, failure to success, defeat to victory. Having planned the battle at Monmouth, and provided for an onward movement against the enemy, Washington and his army, on the 19th day of June, 1778, just one hundred and one years ago, left these scenes to conquer victory and peace.

On the memorable plains of Monmouth he met the enemy,—the oppressed against the oppressor—liberty against tyranny. The right conquered might, and victory was ours. Victory followed victory, culminating gloriously in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the treaty of peace with England, and the recognition of our independence. Thus this nation, redeemed from oppression and wrong, stands to-day, in her independence and nationality, a monument, under God, to the glory and renown of Washington and his associate heroes.

Look around you! On these hills the soldiers were encamped, —*here* a fortification, *there* an entrenchment; *here* the shop of the blacksmith, *there* the armory; here the hospital, there the graves of the unknown dead. In yonder wood, away from the excitements and sorrows of the camp, Washington kneeled in humble, earnest prayer, to his and our nation's God. In faith he asked; his prayers were heard—a nation saved and free the answer. Washington was great, but not too great to recognize his and our country's dependence upon his Creator, Saviour, and God.

Other memories are with us now; of events prior to, and contemporaneous with, the occupation of Valley Forge, influencing and aiding the accomplishment of the great results of the Revolution. The occupation of Philadelphia at this time necessitated the removal of the Continental Congress from that city to Lancaster, and subsequently to York, Pennsylvania. The effect of these removals was at first disastrous to the financial condition of the country, depressing and reducing our national credit so low that doubts were created in the minds of many loyal men of ultimate success in our pending struggle for independence. But from depression came reaction. Courage is often born of danger, and power to overcome developed in

proportion to the magnitude of the opposing forces. So now: fear and depression first; then hope, determination, triumph.

Another depressing and disgraceful incident occurred at this time. Washington, the trusted and the honored commander-in-chief, had his enemies. They envied his superiority and hated the excellence they could not reach. Faction, secretly and maliciously encouraged by General Gates, endeavored by intrigue to impair the confidence of Congress and the people in his integrity and ability: and this intrigue, strengthened by other disappointed men, whose ambition was near allied to treason, culminated in what is known in history as the "Conway Cabal." Their object was to degrade Washington and cause him to be removed from his high position as the leader and commander-in-chief of our armies. The conspiracy failed, for the intrigue could not endure the disgrace and contempt of its discovery, and slander was dumb in the presence of truth and virtue. Congress interposed; the charges, in all their phases, personal and official, were fully investigated, and resulted in a triumphant acquittal. If to be assailed and slandered is evidence of guilt, then Washington was a bad man. But no. Slander is falsehood encased in malice, and claiming to be truth. It proves the baseness of the slanderer, and brightens the reputation of the slandered. No man of high moral principle, of positive convictions and stern integrity, can claim exemption from the assaults of envy and malice. Alas! how often in our day, in the midst of partisan strife and bitterness, do we see good men and true assailed by corrupt and mercenary hirelings, by a subsidized press,—by men who, having no reputation of their own to lose, endeavor by falsehood and base insinuation to drag down to their own corrupt and vulgar level all who, in honorable and true manhood, stand high above them,—the very brightness of the character of the assailed revealing the blackness and degradation of their assailants. Washington was slandered, but, unhurt and unharmed, his fame is brighter than before. His slanderers are dead, dying with "the hisses of an angry world ringing in their ears." "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in scorn of consequence."

Other events of a more pleasing character occurred shortly before and during the occupation. Lafayette, the young and

noble Frenchman, sympathizing with America in her struggles for independence, and ambitious to aid our cause, landed on our shores in April, 1777. He tendered his services, and was soon after commissioned by Congress, with the rank of major-general. He became the warm and confidential friend of Washington; was wounded in the battle of Brandywine, where he displayed heroic courage. In other battles, and on many occasions, he rendered valuable aid in those hours of gloom and despondency. His presence in camp and field, and his military service, crowned with greatness an honorable life. After two years spent in the service of the country he returned to France, "marked," as has been eloquently said by one of his many eulogists, "by honorable scars, and signalized by the thanks of Congress, the admiration of America, and the friendship of Washington."

Lafayette and his compeers here, in connection with significant and stirring events in Europe, so influenced the French government that Benjamin Franklin, then our minister and agent, negotiated a treaty of alliance with France on the 6th day of February, 1778, by which that government duly and fully recognized our independence. This event filled and thrilled every patriotic heart. In the mean time France had declared war against Great Britain; a French fleet was approaching our shores; aid in money and men was near, and hope and encouragement thus given to our people, army, and government. Lafayette and France, fighting with and for us the battles of freedom, rejoicing in our victories and success, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by a grateful nation.

Nor this alone. Baron Steuben, an honored and noble Prussian, fired with like ambition, on the 1st day of December, 1777, arrived in America, and that winter joined Washington at Valley Forge. His skill and education in the military art were soon brought into requisition. It was greatly needed. The army was half naked and famishing when he arrived, the winter cold, and desolation seemed everywhere. He was appointed "inspector-general" with the rank of major-general, and by his skill, discipline, and excellent management greatly improved the condition of the troops, introduced thorough and rigid discipline, and greatly increased the efficiency of officers and men.

In his military schools (for such his teaching was) he prepared the officers for their duties, to order and direct the men under them with promptness and intelligence. His military service, in the camp and on the battle-field, was most honorable to himself and useful to the cause he so nobly and unselfishly aided. Baron Steuben! America's friend in her hour of need! America, in her prosperity and greatness, reveres and honors the name of HER FRIEND and the FRIEND of Washington.

We discuss to-day dry questions of finance: complain of our currency, of national banks, demand coin or greenbacks, as whim or caprice may dictate, and listen to "sand-hill oratory" or communistic folly. All this in the midst of peace and prosperity. What shall we say of the finances of 1777–78?—the condition of the national treasury then, and its empty coffers? No money except paper money—"Continental money," the progenitor of the modern "Fiat money"—of no value, or so depreciated as to have but little purchasing power; credit gone, and yet a war for home and liberty on our hands! What could our modern financiers have done in such need? How much would their theories and systems have been worth? Greenbacks, double standard, single standard, legal tenders, national bank notes, standard dollars, trade dollars! All this may be in order now, but in the gloom of Valley Forge they would not be so fully appreciated as their respective advocates to-day would desire. Help, then, was needed; sacrifice, not theory; food, clothing, war-material, all must be had. No money then, but faith was strong. Robert Morris and a few like him came to the rescue. Patriotism inspired by faith triumphed; the war ended; the debt of the Revolution, if not paid in money, was paid in WORK,—in nation-building,—and, if not paid, has been forgiven and forgotten; and we to-day rejoice in the work, the sacrifice, and the triumph of our forefathers.

Valley Forge and its "Memorial Association" furnish impressive lessons for the culture of our patriotism. Here in full detail, written upon its hills and plains, you have its history, soul-stirring and instructive. These scenes and their inspiration are the eloquence of the hour, the most impressive oration that can be delivered. No orator of ancient or modern fame could or can equal them in the power and grandeur of their

utterance. My words are but the faint, feeble echoes of these living and historic voices. History has its lessons; and the battle-fields of the Revolution, of the American Union, are factors in the great work of civilization in its onward sweep of progress and development. Let us learn these lessons, practise these precepts, and make our impress for good on the age in which we live.

Why preserve the memory of other years,—the names and deeds of those who have gone before us? Why Bunker Hill and Stony Point? Why should Lexington or Concord be remembered? Why Saratoga or Yorktown? Why Faneuil Hall in Boston, and Independence Hall in Philadelphia? Why Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Valley Forge? Why should all these and other places of renown be named above their fellows, and be more highly honored? They are indeed sacred places. They are the altars erected by our fathers to liberty and humanity, and consecrated by their blood; and when our children and our children's children shall stand upon and near these altars, roused by the memories and associations that crown and crowd around them, recognizing their dependence upon the God of their fathers, and their fathers' work in achieving our independence, in giving to us happy homes, a free government, the church and the school-house, free schools and a free and open Bible, American citizenship and American nationality, they will there renew their devotion to their country, and with firm resolve declare "that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Thanks, then, sincere thanks to the ladies of Pennsylvania, especially and earnestly to those near and around these "Headquarters," for the organization that has called us here, "The Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge."

They design to purchase and dedicate these "Headquarters of Washington" to the American people, now in the full enjoyment of the liberty and peace secured here and on many battle-fields; and to the memory of the gallant dead—officer and private soldier—who died that America might be free; to make this spot the American Mecca, to which thousands upon thousands shall come from the East and West, the North and

South, citizens of a great and free republic, and here honor and revere the memory of the brave men whose valor won for them and us the country of our home and love. All honor to the American soldier,—the soldier of the Revolution! Let us consecrate the places, and gather and preserve the relics, that will perpetuate their memory and fame.

How precious are the old memories in our own homes and households! The ring worn by a beloved mother now in her grave, how we cherish it as a holy thing! Even the simplest article of the household, that a mother's or a father's hand held and used, how cherished and sacredly kept! As with home, so with country. Patriotism is not merely a sentiment; it is a principle born in our nature and part of our humanity. Therefore we rejoice in the present, and honor those who in other years labored and died to make our nation great. Home and country! alike in the heart's best affections; present enjoyment and happy memory increase our devotion to both and intensify our patriotism. We are here to-day to illustrate history and perpetuate these memories. The ladies of this "Association," by and through its organization, desire to accomplish this. May they be successful; and by your generous help they will. When patriotism ceases to be a virtue, and liberty be known only as a name, then, and not till then, will Valley Forge, with its romantic and heroic memories, be forgotten.

In the name of the ladies of this association, of the mothers and daughters of America, as the friends of Washington and your country, I appeal to you to aid them promptly and liberally. By the memories of this place, its hallowed associations, by the victories that followed suffering here, stand by them; encourage and aid them financially, with "greenbacks" or "coin," or both, that they may not only pay in full for the "Headquarters" and lot of ground already secured, but, if possible, to purchase the land occupied by camp and trench,—the hills and fields around us, made sacred by tried devotion to a noble cause,—and dedicate all to American honor and nationality.

We have heard oft and long of the "Fathers of the Revolution." Were there no Mothers of the Revolution? Yes! thousands; true, devoted, heroic mothers of heroes, statesmen, soldiers; mothers who, in the quiet of home, moulded and

marked the manners and the life of multitudes of men whose names adorn and whose fame gives brightness to the historic page. Yes! mothers, sisters, wives, who, although not armed with sword and spear, or clothed in military trappings, yet were full of zeal and energy, hopeful when men despaired, encouraged the timid, withheld not sacrifice when required, inspired their husbands and sons with new zeal, buckled on their armor, and then, with "God bless you!" sent them to the battle-field, to die, if need be, for freedom, home, and country. These were true heroes; loyal as the men, and brave as they. But where is their record? where their history? But few of these honored names are on fame's roll. Justice in history for them almost unknown. Although unrecorded, they live in the memory and love of thousands; their services, though unacknowledged, were real; by their aid our fathers conquered and our country lives.

The mothers of the Revolution are not all nameless; not all without historic recognition. On the banks of the Potomac, at Mount Vernon, in a simple tomb, is seen a sarcophagus of pure white marble. No labored epitaph tells of the dead enclosed therein; no record, no monumental shaft; all silent and noiseless there. On that sarcophagus a name, a single word, without prefix or adjunct. Simple and alone, it tells the story of a noble life. Go, stand by that tomb and read the name. I need not repeat it. The world has heard and honors it. You know and revere the name,—"WASHINGTON;" itself his eulogy, his epitaph, his fame.

Now go with me to another tomb, in the cemetery of an inland town in Virginia, not far distant from Mount Vernon. We enter the cemetery and draw near to a plain, modest grave. No monumental pillar there; no mausoleum; no epitaph or panegyric to herald the virtues of the sleeper. A plain marble headstone, with plain inscription,—a *name*, a *fact*. Naught else. Draw near and read, "MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON." Simple, significant, impressive. Mothers of America, read and learn your power and influence as mothers! What nobler record of a true and pure life? What higher honor could a mother claim? "MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON,"—"WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY." Who can

doubt, that knows her history, that in the quiet of home, by his mother's side, and nursed upon her knees, by her teaching and prayers, she moulded the character and gave direction to the heart and life of that son whose monument is not a stone, but a nation?

The lessons of this place and hour are many. Here we are taught loyalty and devotion to country. Let "unity, liberty, fraternity" be our watchwords; "In God we trust" our motto and our faith. Let us check the violence and rancor of party spirit, of partisan denunciation and abuse. Let us differ as men, each recognizing in the other an equal right to his peculiar opinions, and to express them. Let not political differences disturb personal friendship, nor engender personal hatred. "Friendship towards all, malice towards none," should be our creed and practice.

Let us, as citizens of "The United States of America," cultivate the policy of peace in its true and reforming power. It does not mean abject submission to any man or set of men; it does not mean cowardice in the holding and expression of opinions; it does not mean treason in expression or act. The policy of peace means "*union*," not sectionalism; *nationality*, not *confederation; American citizenship*, not *State allegiance* or *supremacy;* a *solid Union*, not a *solid North* nor a *solid South.* It means equal rights to all, in all the States of the Union, at all times and under all circumstances. It means free thought, free speech, free schools, a free and constitutional ballot, and fair elections everywhere and for all citizens, without distinction of race, color, or condition. It means no Kuklux desperadoes, no shot-gun policy, no rifle brigades, red-shirted and bloody, to make elections a farce and a fraud. No, none of these! Let us and every true citizen, north, south, east, and west, stand by the Union, the Constitution, and the laws. Let us labor to maintain and advance the peace, harmony, and prosperity of our whole country; the friendship and brotherhood of all our citizens. So long as the American people are true to the memories and principles of the Revolution, to the heroes of that hour and the rights for which they fought, suffered, and died, this nation cannot perish. Treason in any form must not be tolerated. Traitors must not rule. "Loyal men must govern loyal America!" These were

the sentiments of Washington and his compeers at Valley Forge,—the sentiments now of every true and loyal citizen. May our Union and liberties be perpetual, our brotherhood and friendship lasting as our liberties!

Thanks again to the ladies for this "Memorial Association." Pennsylvania, within whose borders so many memorable events occurred, and so many historic places are located, must aid them in this enterprise, must vindicate her position and honor, and do justice to herself in history. But I must close.

These memorial services—this consecration of battle-fields and scenes, the memory of trials and sufferings, of defeat and triumph—are, as already said, the grand factors in the work of progress and civilization, inspiring and conservative, and strengthen our determination to preserve and perpetuate. Our nation is to-day the epitome of the world's civilizations. The blood of nations is in our veins. These mixed races have added to our strength; they are progressive and conquering, not stationary or retrograde as are the unmixed races. Progress marks the character of our age. We are a "fast" people. To move is the rule; to stand still the ignoble exception. Our activities are almost "audacious," our extravagances nearly chronic. But we must not criticise too severely our faults and follies. Shadows are the creations of light, and cannot exist without it. Our extravagances are the result of our exuberant activity and strength,—"bubbles upon the surface of society to show the direction and flow of its mighty current; the natural yet superfluous offshoots of our vigorous and progressive civilization." Science, art, labor, and invention, rejoicing in this progressive activity, have their proud record in the steam printing-press,—books, newspapers, daily and weekly, magazines, reviews,—schools, colleges, universities, churches, in the steam-engine, steam-ship, the locomotive, railroad, steam everywhere, in mill and factory, furnace and forge, on land and water, as also in the discoveries of astronomy, chemistry, electricity, electro-magnetism, the telegraph, telephone, microphone, electric light, and the multitudinous appliances to promote our progress and increase our knowledge.

To preserve what has been thus secured and acquired, these activities must be directed aright and made to produce other

and grander achievements. The true moral force to direct will be found in intelligence, truth, and virtue, and these as illustrated and enforced in that Book of books, the Bible, the guide and strength of manhood in its power and usefulness. The age demands our energy, our activity, and courage. It demands intellect rather than muscle, knowledge more than vanity, brains more than money, personal virtue and honor more than mere social position or the flash and glare of fashion.

To the young men who are around me here, to all who love their country and revere the memory of the gallant men of the Revolution, let me appeal and say, Gird on the armor of a noble manhood; of true moral courage. Dare to do right, and being right, "Stand in your great array; then onward move and strike invincible." Dangers may oppose, but right is might, and, sustained by true courage, will triumph in success. When Switzerland's hero and deliverer attempted to cross the lake in a dark and stormy night, the boatman, his only companion, said to him, "Sir, it is impossible to cross the lake in such a storm as this." Turning to the boatman, he silenced his fears by the stern and resolute reply, "I know not whether it be possible; it must be attempted." The attempt was made, safely he crossed, and Switzerland was free. Courage conquered danger, and the name of Tell became immortal.

Patriotism is a virtue,—a power to sustain national honor, purity, and life. Cultivate it. It is better than party, truer and safer than partisanship or its teachings. Political parties, properly organized, and based on principles honestly entertained, and believed to be, when applied, for the best interests of the country, are both useful and necessary. Diversity of opinion is not heresy. It should not produce personal hostility, nor party rancor. The mere partisan and demagogue, without merit or morals, base in his selfishness, corrupt in thought and act, is a fraud, a trickster, to be denounced and spurned by every good citizen.

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie."

To-day, in the presence of these memorable scenes, the *past* behind us, full of glorious memories, the *present* with us, grand in its realization of assured success, the *future* before us, bright with hope, and awaiting the development of coming years, let us all resolve, in the strength of our manhood, and trusting in God, that we will, in peace or war, prosperity or adversity, maintain the integrity of the American Union, the honor of our nation's flag, the proud emblem of the power of a free people; that we will give to our country a pure and unselfish devotion; to home and friends our protection and love; to one and all our strength and life to defend and save. Let our devotion to home and country be earnest and sincere, constant, enduring, fearing no danger, avoiding no sacrifice that may be required to preserve our nation's unity and honor. To borrow an illustration: imitate, if need be, the example of the youth of Paris, who, when listening to Mirabeau in one of his impassioned flights of oratory in defence of the liberty of France, saw him fall from the rostrum, dying, as was proclaimed by the physicians, from loss of blood. Baring his arm to the lancet, he rushed to the spot, and exclaimed, in all the fervor of wild enthusiasm, "Here! here! take all! take my blood! so that Mirabeau and the liberty of France may not perish!" A greater than Mirabeau or France claims and demands your devotion. Your country—my country, the free heart's hope and home—claims it; Washington and his patriotic associates, living in history, claim it; the past, the present, and the future claim it; and should the hour ever again come when sacrifice and life may be required to save, offer all, give all, so that America and her liberties may not perish!

In the afternoon the ladies held a reception at the Headquarters, where guests were entertained by the chorus, and shown the historical associations.

At one o'clock the beautiful gold medal was contested for by the State rifle teams. The match continued until nearly seven o'clock, the Pennsylvania team being successful. The range was five hundred yards.

At the conclusion of the match the medal was presented to Captain Fox, of the Pennsylvania team, by Dr. N. A. Penny-

packer, and congratulatory speeches were made by Colonel Rauch, President of the Pennsylvania Rifle Association, and others.

The Grand Marshal of the day was General William J. Bolton, with Colonel M. M. Messimer, of Pottstown, Chief of Staff, and several aids.

At sunset the retiring guns of the Griffin Battery indicated that the day's festivities were over, and people wended their way homeward.

APPENDIX.

HARVEST HOME MEETING

AT THE VALLEY FORGE ENCAMPMENT GROUNDS, JULY 26, 1828.

Owing to the fact that the farmers of Eastern Pennsylvania are much occupied with their harvesting on or about the Fourth of July, and since they cannot conveniently give to the national festival that attention it should claim from every lover of his country, a custom has grown up to select some day near the close of July in which to celebrate their nation's independence by a "Harvest Home."

In accordance with this custom, a very large number of the people of Delaware, Chester, and Montgomery Counties assembled on Saturday, July 26, 1828, at the camping-ground at Valley Forge, to celebrate the national holiday.

The committee of arrangements having in charge this festival consisted of the following-named gentlemen, to wit:

David Townsend, Nathaniel Brooke, Maurice Richardson, Townsend Haines, David Wilson, Jr., Daniel Abrahams, Mathew Roberts, Abraham Brower, Philip Kendall, and Thomas Reed.

The day was, though very warm, beautifully clear and tranquil. The morning was ushered in by the firing of cannon, and by eight o'clock the citizens had begun to assemble, and by twelve o'clock the number had increased to at least four thousand, and continued greatly to increase during the afternoon, until the assemblage exceeded the most sanguine expectation.

At noon the Declaration of Independence was read by Dr.

William Harris, of Chester County, in a most effective manner. On the stage erected for the occasion were seated some of the most venerable and distinguished of the surviving heroes of the Revolution, all of whom had participated on the very same ground in all the distresses and suffering of our army in '77 and '78.

When the Declaration was read, the band of music, consisting of twenty-five pieces, struck up a national air; its fine tones were, however, soon lost amid the thundering of cannon and the acclamations of the crowd.

Then an eloquent and masterly oration was pronounced by Hon. John G. Watmough. In this the orator showed the pre-eminence of civil virtue, and how its principles had constituted the very living principle of our existence as a nation from the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, through the whole Revolution, and up to the present in our national affairs.

Immediately after the oration the company moved to the shades of the adjoining woods to partake of an excellent cold collation prepared for the occasion by Mr. Abisha J. Woodman, of Valley Forge. For this purpose thirteen tables had been laid, one hundred and sixty-four feet long each, containing sixteen hundred and twenty plates, and all radiating from the outer ring of a small circle, within which was the band.

The following organization was effected, to wit:

President.—Jonathan Roberts.

Vice-Presidents.—Townsend Harris, Nathan Pennypacker, William Williamson, Colonel David Dickey, David Potts, Thomas Smith, Edward Darlington, George Sheaff, Richard B. Jones, John Schlater, Dr. Jacob Dewees, Charles S. Iredell, Jacob Hagey, and Philip Kendall.

The seats at the tables were speedily occupied, and the beef, ham, potatoes, and bread disappeared rapidly before the keen appetites of the company. The larger proportion, however, had dined elsewhere, or partaken of refreshments which were abundantly offered by numerous sutlers in the woods. The actual number of tickets sold was two thousand three hundred, and Mr. Woodman furnished beside dinners for seven hundred.

A few invited guests were seated at the table where Jonathan Roberts, Esq., presided, and a succession of apt and patriotic

sentiments, in the form of toasts, were proclaimed, and met the universal approbation of the meeting, testified by loud and repeated cheers.

There were thirteen toasts offered by the most distinguished persons present, some of which were eloquently responded to. They were:

1st. The Fourth of July, 1776, and the memory of the sages who made it a great and glorious day.

2d. The President of the United States, John Q. Adams. Bred up at the feet of the sages of the Revolution, his whole life has been a brilliant illustration of their virtues and their precepts.

3d. The Administration of the National Government,—patriotic, wise, economical.

4th. The Union of the States.

5th. Washington,—a constellation in himself. Weak eyes cannot perceive that in the blended lustre of his talents and his virtues every star was of the first magnitude.

6th. Henry Clay. The intrepid champion of his country's rights, and advocate of American industry.

7th. Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce. Equal protection to each.

8th. Internal Improvement.

9th. Richard Rush. A patriot and a Pennsylvanian, and the son of a patriot and a Pennsylvanian.

10th. The Tariff.

11th. The People of Pennsylvania.

12th. The Governor of Pennsylvania.

13th. The Pennsylvania Delegation in the 20th Congress.

After the conclusion of the remarks made upon the foregoing toasts, forty-three impromptu toasts were offered, responded to by gentlemen present. The principal ones were:

The health of our distinguished guest and fellow-citizen, John Sergeant.

Civil Magistrates.

Colonel John G. Watmough, orator of the day. The honorable wounds which he received at Erie have now healed to scars. These attest his valor, as the sentiments he has this day pronounced prove that military ardor, chastened by education and reflection, is not incompatible with a profound reverence for the constitution and laws of the country.

Colonel Watmough, after responding to this complimentary sentiment, introduced, in the following language: "Peter S. Duponceau, one of the soldiers of the Valley Forge encampment, extensively known for his talents and acquirements, and esteemed for his virtues. He deserves the thanks of that country

whose liberties he assisted by his sword, and whose reputation he has raised by his learned labors."

Mr. Duponceau rose and returned thanks for the honor done him, and, after some preliminary remarks, said:

"But though you feel and know the high state of happiness and prosperity to which our country has advanced under the auspices of our virtuous rulers, you cannot be made sensible of their full extent unless you compare our present situation with what it *was* at the time when Washington's brave army occupied *this spot*, in the memorable winter of 1778; in the times, as a great writer of the day expressed himself, *that tried men's souls*.

"Then you would not have seen the thousands assembled in this sequestered spot, partaking of the good cheer of plentiful tables, and rending the air with shouts of happiness and joy; but in the miserable huts on the site on which these tables now stand you would have seen naked and famished soldiers, in the depth of a most inclement winter, separated only by this little river (the Schuylkill) and the small space of twenty-one miles from a numerous, well-fed, well-clothed, and well-disciplined hostile army, which a single day's march might have brought down upon us.

"At that time no nation in Europe had acknowledged our independence. Except a few insufficient succors, secretly sent to us from France, we were left entirely to our own resources, which were, alas! all centred in the courage and patriotism of our rulers and of our brave soldiers.

"*Despondency* reigned everywhere *except* in the hearts of those who watched and *suffered* for our safety. I cannot well represent to you with what fortitude, resignation, and patience these severe trials were borne by the soldiers of the Revolution. They never broke into loud murmurs, much less into mutiny or disobedience. I have seen them, when pressed by hunger, sometimes pop their heads out of their poor huts, and call out, in an undertone, 'No bread, no soldier!' but a single kind word from an officer would still their complaints, and they were willing to bear everything for the sake of liberty and of their country.

"They even submitted under these hardships to the strict discipline lately introduced among them by Baron Steuben, to

which they had not been before accustomed. And where was at that time your great Washington? Here [pointing to the Headquarters at some distance], in that humble dwelling, partaking of all the hardships and privations of his brave followers. Shall I describe to you his table, on which was daily served (when it could be had) a scanty piece of meat, with some hard bread and a few potatoes, where the health and prosperity of the nation was drunk in humble toddy, and the luxurious dessert consisted of a plate of hickory nuts?

"Yet what are the sumptuous tables of the kings and princes of Europe compared with the modest board of that illustrious man? Had you seen with what dignity he presided at these poor repasts, and at the same time how he encouraged those of his officers whom he admitted to the honor of partaking of them, you would have witnessed a scene worthy of the pencil of Homer and of the greatest poets of ancient or modern times.

"But I have not told you all. It is but little known, and it ought to be known everywhere, that his incomparable wife, Mrs. Washington, shared with him in all the dangers and hardships of this never-to-be-forgotten winter. Yes, Mrs. Washington encamped at Valley Forge in the winter of 1778, undauntedly following the fortunes of her husband and of her country. I still see her at the head of that table, with her mild but dignified countenance. Grave, yet cheerful, her countenance and her manner reflected the feelings of the hero whose name she gloried to bear. Her presence inspired fortitude, and those who came to her with almost desponding hearts retired full of hope and confidence in the wisdom of their rulers, in the talents of their chief, and in the high destinies of their country.

"Now, my fellow-citizens, compare those dreary scenes with what you now witness, look at the degree of prosperity which our country has attained under the guidance of the wise administrations who have succeeded each other to the present moment, and do not abandon the *positive good* which you now enjoy."

Mr. Duponceau, in concluding, offered the following toast:

Old Chester and Montgomery Counties,—the former of which was honored with the first footsteps of the great founder of Pennsylvania, and the presence of Washington and his brave army in the most trying times of the Republic, and both dis-

tinguished by the virtue and patriotism of their citizens,—happiness and prosperity to them!

The volunteer toasts were now offered in quick succession. Among them were,—

Jonathan Roberts.

Dr. Samuel Anderson.

The Farmers of Pennsylvania.

Commodore William Bainbridge.

The United States—the only happy country on the globe.

Labor—honorable and useful.

The Valley Forge Encampment. The footsteps of our fathers marked it with blood. From the soil thus fertilized have sprung the fruits of independence and peace.

Internal Improvement and Domestic Manufactures.

Mathew Carey.

Our Venerable Guest, Captain Alexander Moore, one of the "living records of the Revolution," who endured the hardships of our countrymen upon this hallowed ground with the army of Washington.

Our Manufactures.

The Surviving Patriots of the Revolution.

Henry Clay—the fearless defender of the rights of man.

Charles Miner and Dr. Samuel Anderson.

Domestic Industry.

General Andrew Jackson.

The American Revolution.

Abner Lacock.

Kentucky.

The Memory of General Washington.

Pennsylvania, when aroused to her interest, will defend it upon American principles,—the principles of reason, sound policy, and free elections.

The People of Pennsylvania, true to the interests of the Union.

The Memory of Anthony Wayne, the Revolutionary hero of Chester County.

Universal Suffrage and Equal Rights.

John Sergeant.

Charles Miner.

Military Chieftains, Ministers of the Gospel, and Statesmen, entitled to the gratitude of their fellow-citizens.

The meeting broke up at an early hour, and separated without one single accident or unpleasant occurrence to mar the general satisfaction of the participants.

The foregoing short synopsis of the proceedings of this very interesting meeting is obtained by the writer from an old pamphlet now in the possession of Mrs. Hannah Ogden, late the owner of the "Headquarters," and is believed to be the only

copy extant. The pamphlet consists of twenty-nine pages of closely-printed matter, and is intended to be placed on file in the Headquarters building for general reference.

THE DEATH OF HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

APPROPRIATE ACTION BY THE VALLEY FORGE CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION.

THE HISTORIAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD ORATOR—EULOGIES BY HON. B. M. BOYER, MR. JOSEPH E. THROPP, DR. N. A. PENNYPACKER, AND OTHERS —RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT—FUNERAL SERVICES IN PHILADELPHIA.

A meeting of the Valley Forge Centennial Association was held on Saturday evening, August 24, 1878, at the residence of the President, Mr. I. W. Smith, at Valley Forge, to take action in regard to the death of Henry Armitt Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia, the orator of the late Centennial Celebration. Mr. Smith having called the meeting to order, Colonel Theodore W. Bean, of Norristown, moved the appointment of a committee on resolutions, which was carried, the Chair appointing Colonel T. W. Bean, Mr. Joseph E. Thropp, Hon. B. M. Boyer, Dr. N. A. Pennypacker, and John O. K. Robarts, Esq. The committee reported the following:

It having pleased the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe to call from our midst a cherished friend and member of the Association, an accomplished orator and historical scholar, a devoted and patriotic citizen of the Commonwealth, whose brief and brilliant career inspired the hope of future eminence and great usefulness; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association and community have learned with profound regret of the death of Henry Armitt Brown, an event by which society has lost one of its brightest ornaments and the country one of its most justly distinguished and influential citizens.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of the deceased in this their hour of bereavement, and

tender them our sincere condolence, trusting their irreparable loss may be his immortal gain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, under the seal of the Association, be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Having read the resolutions, Colonel Bean said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—In moving the adoption of these resolutions, I am deeply impressed with the solemn and melancholy event which suggests them. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death. But a few weeks ago, it seems but a few days, we sat with the enraptured multitude and gave willing ear to his eloquent voice, fresh from a glowing and vigorous manhood.

Now, that silvery tongue is stilled forever on earth; never, nevermore will it attune our memories to the sacrificial past which has made Valley Forge, and the splendid oratory of Henry Armitt Brown, one and inseparable for all time to come. Not all the pure and devoted friendships of this world spring from the associations of childhood, the ties of blood, or the fellowship of academical training; nay, it is often reserved to matured manhood in the exercise of its highest possibilities, to disclose the purest and most exalted motives, inspiring fidelity and constancy, which perishes not with the breath of life, but lives in the immortality of memory.

My intercourse with the deceased as a co-worker in the interest of this Association was of the most pleasing and profitable character, and the friendship which resulted from it seems now, more than ever, the most charming of my life. I recall with feelings of sorrow I cannot express the hour of parting on the evening of the memorable 19th of June. Passing the stirring events of the day rapidly in review, and congratulating the entire management upon the success attained, he remarked that he intended following the example of Washington by making an early visit to the dear old hills alone, that he might the more critically study their history, and the imperishable lessons they teach. Truly we may say,

"The words which thou hast utter'd
Are of thy soul a part;
And the good seed thou hast scatter'd
Is springing from the heart."

Henry Armitt Brown was a patriot. His love of country was intensified by careful study of its history, and his highest ambition was to successfully emulate the distinguished men who made it worthy of his research. To this task he brought a high order of natural ability, with rare scholarly attainments, a purity and unselfishness of life which peculiarly fitted him for those offices of trust and commanding influence which surely awaited him in the future. Gifted beyond most men, he was singularly modest in the consciousness of his power to reach and move them. His commanding influence, so freely exercised in behalf of the purer and better tendencies of political life, will be sadly missed.

As I stood beside his lifeless form to-day, surrounded by grief-stricken friends, his last words spoken to his countrymen with an earnestness and eloquence which none who heard him can forget, came back to my memory and seemed to round up a life perfect in its devotion to country,—"What nobler spectacle can you present to mankind to-day than that of a people honest, steadfast, and secure, mindful of the lessons of experience, true to the teachings of history, led to the loftiest examples, and bound together to protect their institutions at the close of a century, as their fathers were to win them at the beginning, by the ties of virtue, honor, and love of country; by that virtue which makes perfect the happiness of a people,—by that honor which constitutes the chief greatness of a State,—by that patriotism which survives all things, endures all things, braves all things, and which, though it find a refuge nowhere else, should live in the heart of every true American?" And then, as though the spirit of prophecy had fallen upon him in closing the grandest effort of his life, he pronounced his benediction upon the day and event in those eloquent words that will long be cherished by the thousands who heard him for the last time on earth:

"Our lives are like the sand upon the shore, our voices like the breath of the summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we come, and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet

marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country."

There was a custom among the nations of antiquity upon the death of their distinguished men, to hold inquests upon their character. If the verdict of the inquest was found to accord with the reputation of the dead man for honesty, wisdom, and greatness, his body was embalmed with great care and at great cost, and a solemn eulogy was pronounced at his grave. Inquests have been held upon the matchless character of the lost orator of the day, and over this broad land, from bench and bar, from pulpit, press, and people, from grateful admirers, loving friends, and the broken circle of the fireside, come universal tokens, tributes, and testimonials to the dutiful son, the affectionate husband, the Christian father, to the scholar, the lawyer, the orator, statesman, and above all to the God-loving man, who lived and died with unbroken honor.

Henry Armitt Brown is dead. The soul of honor, the inspiration of truth, the purity and simplicity of daily life marked in the frank expression of face and generous manner of person will meet us no more; but his example of manly virtues, his many excellences of head and heart, his acknowledged influence upon the public mind, will long be cherished and, let us hope, emulated by those who mourn his untimely loss.

> "Peace be your portion till the voice of God
> Calls on His own to leave the grave and live—
> Then, voice sublime, make answer while the rod
> And staff of God support and comfort give."

He was followed by Mr. Joseph E. Thropp, of Conshohocken, who said:

Mr. President:—In seconding these resolutions, my thoughts revert to the last meeting we had in this house, when we rejoiced together at the success of our labors in connection with the Centennial on the 19th of June, little thinking that ere long "our joy would be turned to sadness," and we would meet to pay honor to the memory of the central figure in that day's display. But such is God's will,—unsearchable and past finding out, and yet we know 'tis well. We bow before it with hearts overflowing with sadness as we think of him whom to know was to love and

admire; young, gifted, vigorous, above all, pure. Such was Henry Armitt Brown.

It is not for me to attempt to do justice to his life, yet I cannot refrain from bearing my feeble tribute to his many lofty virtues. Whether in college, in his office, on the rostrum, or in his home, everywhere the same elevation of mind, simplicity of character, and purity of heart were manifested. As if it were yesterday, I recall the words of a friend,—the head of one of our noblest charities,—while returning from one of its anniversaries several years ago; though little given to praise, this staid man of business was enthusiastic in his tributes to the then young lawyer, an invited participant in the ceremonies, who, he said, would yet make his mark in the world. And so it has come to pass, for though, in his own matchless words, "Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten," yet the footprints such men make stand the waves of many years ere they fade away. To one of his delicate sensibilities the profession of law was distasteful, and though a front place at the bar seemed to be waiting for him, he forsook it and early turned his attention to "getting wisdom and understanding, and they brought him to honor, and gave to his head an ornament of grace,—the promised crown of glory." He communed with the wisest men of the past, and learned lessons for the present and future. To the State and the welfare of her people he devoted his energies, not from narrow greed nor for personal gain and advancement, but that he might strengthen the one by relieving, purifying, and elevating the other.

Never shall I forget one of the last conversations I had with him when we met in the Episcopal convention, where he had come to hear the formal opening of the contest with ritualism in the church, a contest which, with his keen foresight, he saw would be fraught with great interest and importance. Turning from thoughts of the debate, during a lull, his face shone with delight as he entered into the details of a great charitable reform, in which he was interested, sought to be brought about in Philadelphia and other cities. Though surrounded with every comfort, refinement, and luxury of life, his

thoughts were ever of the people, and whether his energies were exerted to reform the municipal government, or to purify the national, to alleviate the sufferings of mankind, or to purify and lift them by giving them a higher standard of manhood and spreading the influence of a pure religion among them, his object was ever the same, not his own, but others' good. He looked behind the dress or cottage to the happiness and worth which they contained. Like Burns, rank or position were naught to him, "'twas man the gowd" he considered, and for him he labored. "It shall be," said he, "the peculiar pride of every American that under our free institutions there is for every man a chance, and no aristocracy is possible but one of brains and character."

His earliest efforts at oratory commanded the attention and admiration of learned jurists and the people, and all alike looked forward to his future as being full of promise. Nor did he in his short life disappoint them, for as he grew in personal grace with his years increased his wisdom, and its infallible attendant,—sympathy. He studied the lives and works of the fathers, and portrayed their characters and deeds in glowing periods. He had a most delicate sensibility to the beautiful, and, like Byron, "the young Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," he had a peculiar felicity in finding those appropriate words which paint almost to the eye

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Gladly, were it within my means, would I have transferred to canvas some of the pen-pictures of his Valley Forge oration. He was not unlike Edmund Burke, ever espousing the cause of Justice, and had he lived he would have ranked with that eminent essayist and statesman. God had given him wonderful talents, and he showed his sense of the responsibility by using them ever for the right. Never did the keen sword of his wit and logic rust in its scabbard when the cause of his country or humanity needed it.

Though he labored in different fields, like Burns and Byron, his young life ended ere it had scarcely begun, but, to his perpetual glory be it said, the sun of his life set without a cloud upon it.

The young men of our country should make his life a study;

no more perfect model could be found, for in him they see what a *young* man has done. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright." We can ill spare such. Other men have been polished, great, and popular; there have been few whose characters were so well rounded and so pure,—the peer of Sumner and Phillips; reaching up to the plane of Everett, he rose like a pillar of perfect symmetry. Who can tell what might have been the capital?

We all remember how we listened entranced to that masterpiece of commanding oratory he delivered on these hills. Did we in our rapture of delight think of the cost of such knowledge as he possessed, of the weary days of labor and nights devoid of ease? Little did he or I think, several months ago when he told me he would make it the greatest effort of his life, that it would be the last.

Whatever he undertook he did to some purpose. As a politician he was of the highest stamp; as an orator he already ranked among the greatest; as a writer he was forcible, graceful, and scholarly; as a private gentleman he was modest and unassuming,—courteous and chivalric,—ever forgetful of self and thoughtful of others; as a Christian full of charity and of that faith which makes the future happier than the present; for him to die was gain.

The next speaker was Mr. I. H. Todd, who said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Valley Forge Centennial Association:—We are called together here today to mourn the loss and offer our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family of Henry Armitt Brown; not that we need this call to remind us of our great loss, for as the news of his death flashed over the wires it struck a great grief into the heart of every member of this Association. Truly through his death grief came to our own doors, for it was on these hills that his last burst of eloquence was ever heard. Here he paid his last tribute to the memory of the sainted dead, and told us in words of burning eloquence of their terrible suffering on the hills of Valley Forge. It was here he mapped out the progress of the last one hundred years, and pictured to us the lessons thereof that we might profit thereby. In his death the galaxy of orators

has lost its brightest star and society one of its most honored guests, for his congeniality was only surpassed by his great mind and oratory. At a little over thirty years of age he held, as it were, entranced, thousands by his great reasoning and eloquence. Looking around among the orators of the day, we see but a few who have not gained a good ripe age before they have attained that great sublimity of mind and character which seemed bound up in him. Well do I remember, for it is but a little over two short months since we two traversed these hills together looking for the most favorable spot for the delivery of his oration, and as we walked along, talking and jesting, and wondering who, if any of us, would ever live to see the next centennial, little did I think then, in the great race for the next one, that he would be the first to be cut down; that he whose remains they have laid away to rest to-day, that Henry Armitt Brown would be the first to be claimed by death as his own. May we follow his illustrious example!

Mr. William H. Holstein said:

It was my purpose in seconding the adoption of the report to have borne testimony to the great worth of our departed brother, but that has already been done. The report will doubtless be unanimously adopted, after which I shall move that it be published, together with the remarks of our brethren.

Hon. B. M. Boyer was the next speaker.

Mr. Chairman:—I can add but little to that which has been already so well said by those who have preceded me. But I cannot be altogether silent upon this occasion. Young as he was, the fame and influence of Henry Armitt Brown reached far beyond the city of his birth and residence; and whilst there a great metropolis this day mourns his loss and honors his obsequies, we gather here also among the hills of Valley Forge to testify our participation in the general grief.

It was here that the last public act of his life was performed. It is we who heard the last public utterances of that eloquent tongue now silent in the grave. In the magnificent oration he then pronounced all that best exemplified his public career appeared. The exalted patriotism—the scholarly research—

fidelity to truth—noble thoughts—and the conscientious fulfilment of every duty belonging to the occasion,—these were as characteristic of the orator as of the man himself. The sonorous voice, flexible and musical, as it then fell upon our ears, and the eloquent diction and graceful presence of the orator, the thousands whose privilege it was to hear him upon that memorable day will never forget.

The mystery of death none of us can solve, and we must all bow before the inscrutable decree of Providence which so often calls away from earth the noblest and best beloved in the flush of youth, and hope, and usefulness.

But the brief life of Henry Armitt Brown has not been lived in vain. His example will still survive to stimulate the young and noble-minded to exalted aims. In him affluence did not produce idleness; indeed, it may be that his exertions to fit himself for a life of useful influence were greater than his physical constitution could endure.

Politics did not lower in him the standard of high morality and honor. His ambition was founded upon his patriotism. Nothing could have tempted his integrity, and no partisanship could have made him subservient to mean or narrow purposes. How safe would be the Republic, and how glorious its destiny, were all its sons like him!

Dr. N. A. Pennypacker said he could not let the occasion pass without adding his tribute to the honored dead. "My acquaintance with him," he said, "was limited. I met him in our Association for the first time, but our acquaintance there was not entirely new, although it was the first time I had the pleasure of taking him by the hand. I have met many men in my short life in different spheres and in different places, but I must say, and I say it truly, that I have never met a man whose hand I took and whose eye looked into mine with greater Christian confidence than did his. I felt I knew him then. I felt him my friend, and in subsequent meetings I met him not as a stranger whom I had casually met before, but as a friend. The most pleasing moment of my life was when I listened to his oration, in his truthful and noble thought and Christian confidence. The benediction he there gave upon

us, the people, his country and our country, made my heart leap with joy and my eyes overflow with tears. I then knew the depth of his Christian character, for no man could stand before such an audience upon such an occasion and make an expression of such thoughts without really thinking them. Sir, we may here really mourn his loss, not as a casual member of society, but as a member of our Association whom we greatly love. But it is said that death loves a shining mark. As it has been well said by one of prominence before me, little did we think the brightest face among us should go. God's ways are inscrutable. We cannot know nor fathom them. Mr. President, with sadness and sorrow I add my tribute of respect and honor to these resolutions."

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted by rising in silence, and, on motion of Mr. Thropp, the Chair appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. Jos. E. Thropp, Colonel Theo. W. Bean, and Hon. B. M. Boyer, to convey the resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The funeral of Mr. Brown took place on Saturday afternoon, from the residence of his mother, corner of Twenty-first Street and De Lancey Place, Philadelphia, and was largely attended by the members of the legal profession and his friends.

The body was laid out in a cloth-covered casket, with oxidized handles, and he was dressed in a full black suit of clothes. On the lid of the coffin was a silver plate with his name and the date of his birth and death.

Around the room were numerous floral offerings, some being of the most handsome character, embracing crosses, wreaths, broken column, and harps. At the house, shortly before three o'clock, there was a short funeral service, conducted by Rev. Dr. Morton. The remains were then taken to the Church of St. James the Less, Twenty-second and Chestnut Streets, the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers: Samuel Dickson, Wayne MacVeagh, Isaac Hazlehurst, Theodore Starr, E. H. Hanscom, Mr. Hollingsworth, Victor Guillou, and Mr. Ridgway.

At the church the lid was taken off the casket, and the large crowd given an opportunity to view the remains. The services were conducted by Dr. Morton. After the services the interment took place at South Laurel Hill.

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